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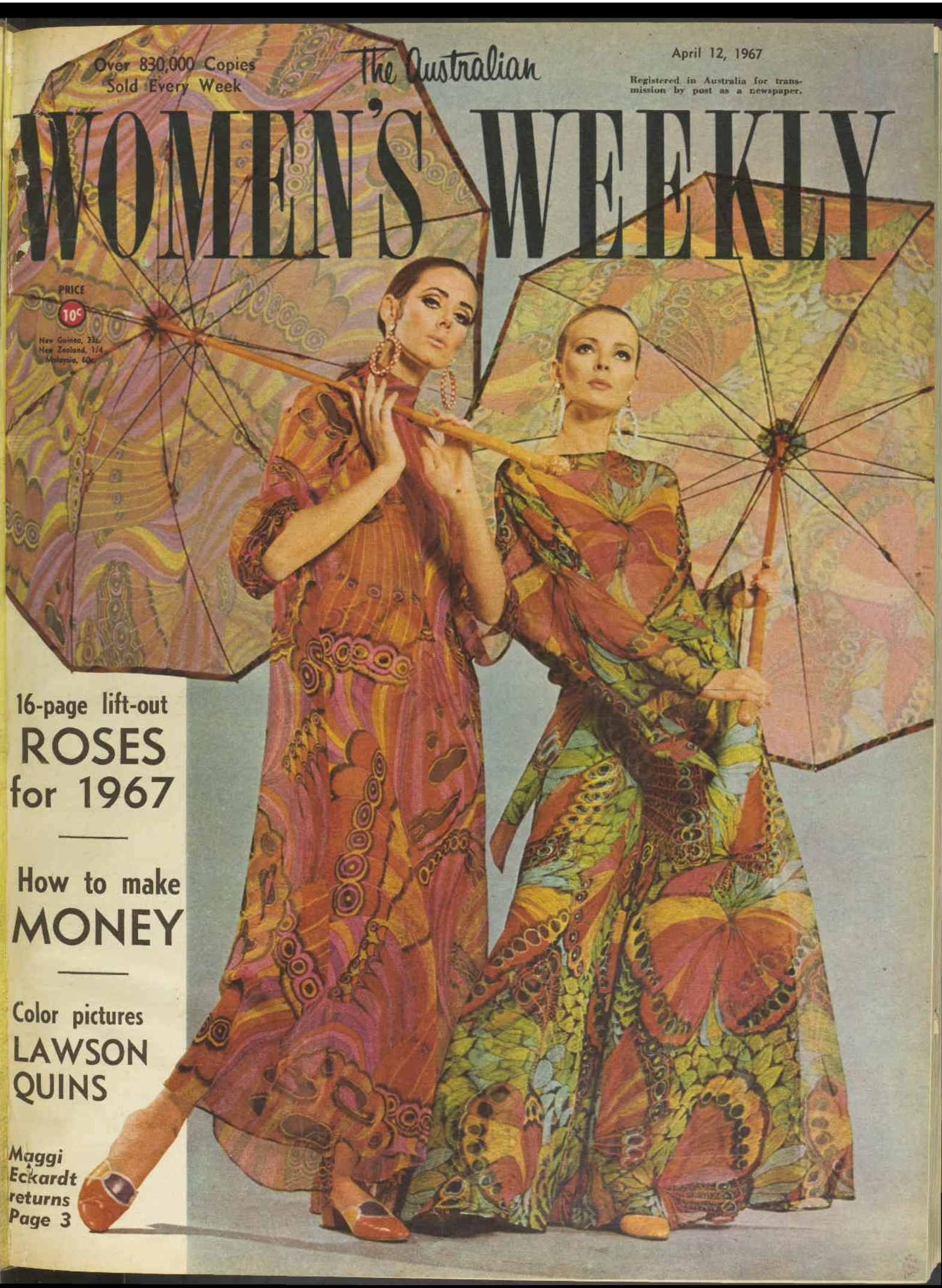

16-page lift-out
ROSES for 1967

How to make MONEY

Color pictures
LAWSON QUINS

Maggi Eckardt returns Page 3

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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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OUR COVER

● Romantic terrace dresses by Paris couturier Nina Ricci with matching voile umbrellas. Model at left is Maggi Eckardt (Mrs. Herve Hutter, of Melbourne) — see story and pictures on opposite page.

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THE LADY IS A BEACHCOMBER

● "It's strange," said Isobel Bennett. "Australians love the sea, but most of us are blind to what's in it.

"Just on the sea-fringes, where we walk or swim, there's a whole fascinating world of strange and beautiful animals, but somehow we don't see them."

Isobel Bennett has set out to change all that.

● Miss Isobel Bennett, of Sydney, with her latest book.

SHE has explored this world in a just-published book called "The Fringe of the Sea."

Though it is bound to become a marine zoology textbook, it was written to attract ordinary folk, ordinary sea-lovers, to open their eyes to the wonders at their very feet.

Beautiful color and black-and-white plates bring the creatures she describes to life — corals and vivid crustaceans and sponges and curious marine worms and full-flowered anemones.

They make such strange and exquisite patterns that you wonder how you could have passed them by.

For Isobel Bennett, studying the inter-tidal creatures has been both a labor of love and a life's work. It has brought her many honors, as a marine zoologist of international renown. It has taken her up and down the world, almost from Pole to Pole.

Yet she came to it, as it were, by the merest chance.

"I didn't even study biology at school," she told me in her office at the Sydney University Zoology Department. "In fact, I didn't even get as far as the senior school.

"The Depression was at its height and I had to leave. I'd have loved to have gone on to university, and I think, looking back, that if I'd had the chance I'd have studied science.

"I don't know, though. It never occurred to me that I'd do the kind of work I've been doing."

She came to the work by devious routes, mainly because she never got seasick!

She grew up in Brisbane, on the river, eldest of a lively family of four who loved boats and fishing.

At the Depression's height the family moved to Sydney. She took a secretarial job—was glad to get it.

She was "between jobs" when by chance she met Professor W. J. Dakin, of Sydney University, a very celebrated marine zoologist indeed.

He was writing a history of whaling in Australia, and what he needed, being a busy man, was a research assistant to go through all the old ships' logs in the Mitchell Library, hunting for references to whaling.

Isobel Bennett got the job, and loved it.

She also let fall the information that she loved boats. Pretty soon the Professor invited her to go out with the University's research yacht Thistle.

And there it was. Because this wiry, charming, good-looking girl never got seasick, she became a permanent member of the research crew.

She was learning all the time; what she was learning was marine zoology.

In 1933 the job of secretary and librarian in Professor Dakin's department at the University fell vacant.

Isobel Bennett accepted it, and she has been with the department ever since.

With the years, she became a demonstrator and teacher, and finally an authority on the world at the edge of the sea.

"Fairly early on," she told me, "I took the department's own courses in zoology. But in fact I've never passed an exam."

Yet Isobel Bennett is a Master of Science. In 1962, in token of her world standing in the field, Sydney University awarded her the honorary degree.

Her face lights up as she talks about it.

"It was the first time ever that they awarded a Master. I'd have been thrilled with a Bachelor's degree, but this was just wonderful.

"Remember that all my life I'd wished I'd taken a degree, been to university as a student . . ."

Even a depression cannot permanently suppress such a talent as Isobel Bennett's.

Visiting friends round the world

And zoologists the world over have paid tribute to it. She has often been invited abroad.

Just after the war she co-produced with Professor Dakin a definitive textbook called "Australian Seashores," which is still running into new reprints. Unfortunately, the Professor never lived to see it published.

● In her laboratory at Sydney University.

In 1952 she was the only woman aboard the Danish deep-sea survey ship Galatea. "There was just me and 113 Danes," she says laughing.

She went round the world on long-service leave in 1956. It was a busman's holiday. She "beachcombed."

For a long time she had wondered whether the animals found round the fringes of the Australian sea coast were able to live in the colder waters to the south.

In 1959 she made the first of several trips to Macquarie Island in the sub-Antarctic to find out.

She was chosen out of the world's marine zoologists to accompany Stamford University's expedition to the South Pacific and East Asia in 1963 aboard the former luxury yacht Te Vega.

It was a dream trip both for a zoologist and a lover of boats, and for it she was awarded an associate professorship of Stamford University.

At present Miss Bennett is again on long leave. So, of course, she is beachcombing again. She's bound for the Barrier Reef, to display its rich marine life to some American friends.

Then she'll spend five months in Hong Kong.

"They've been building a big dam at Plover Cove," she said, "and pumping out the seawater to let in fresh. All kinds of strange marine animals have been revealed, and I want to examine them.

"Then I'm off to Okinawa to meet friends from Hong Kong and Japan (we'll all go beachcombing). And I pl to go to Alaska, to stay w a Professor of Zoology a his family.

"He has promised to ta me up to the tund country."

Isobel Bennett's job h made friends for her t world over, and her relax yet stimulating personal has confirmed them. O Sydney friend, whom s met three years ago, is M Justice Frederick Myers, the Supreme Court N.S.W.

For a long time, as hobby, the judge had pho graphed invertebrates for Australian Museum, a many of the striking pictu in "The Fringe of the S are his handiwork. (Oth are the work of distinguish photographer Keith Gille

"I was writing about l creatures, and we wan them photographed aliv said Miss Bennett.

"Often in my beachco ing I'd come across so thing interesting, and up dash to the judge's ho with it, alive. We'd put in a tank, and then clear the things off his wife's ta and get it on photograp record.

"Skindivers often help too. They go deep, and t can bring creatures up al

"I hope skindivers will joy the book, which will them about the strange wonderful creatures they constantly seeing."

Perhaps some wande along the seashore, a reading the book, will foll Isobel Bennett in the purs of the unusual occupat which has absorbed her nearly 35 years, and abso her still.

—*Kay Keav*

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Maggi Eckardt sums up the Paris spring collections: Culottes for evening, booted Western-style for day, slightly lower hemlines, but the . . .

OVERALL LOOK IS "LITTLE-BOY"

PUBLIC LIBRARY
-5 APR 1967
OF NEW SOUTH WALES

● "Nina Ricci was one of my favorite collections at the spring fashion showings in Paris," said international model Maggi Eckardt, who recently returned from an exhilarating month of modelling for the top overseas fashion houses and magazines.

"RICCI'S evening wear has a mystic quality. Fine materials, such as chiffons, in beautifully colored prints, are used for long, flowing transparent skirts covering culotte pants," Maggi said.

"There are lots of ruffles and feathers, and huge, gorgeous earrings have been designed specially for the gowns.

"Daywear by Ricci is young, colorful, vivacious, with a distinct Western theme. Long summer boots in bright colors are worn with culotte skirts, cowboy-type jackets, and Texan-style hats."

Maggi said that culotte skirts which divided only a few inches before the hemline were seen in other fashion houses, too. Boots also were generally "in" for summer.

"Boots are made in lightweight, weatherproof materials, fitted snugly to the leg and zipped up at the side or back," she said. "They are long, only three to four inches below the knee, in bright colors to match outfits, and they are very leg-flattering."

Gabardine, often double-sided, was the popular spring fabric, and felt hat shapes — color-matched to dresses — were being worn by the younger set, pulled on any way which suited the face.

Another recurring theme was the dress coat, with a wide skirt zippered at the front either vertically or diagonally. It was worn with tights and sweater.

By
Barbara Martyn

"This theme is already evident in ready-to-wear fashions," Maggi said.

"The overall look is 'little-boy' and busts are flat.

"Hemlines are slightly lower this season, only two inches above the knee, except in the Ungaro and Pierre Cardin collections.

"Stockings are very important. They are in lovely pastel tonings to match dresses and are finely patterned. Large patterns are out.

"Shoe heels are higher, but still thick. Shoes are plain, without trim, and in bright colors."

Maggi said not much jewellery was worn (plastic jewellery is out), but the big story was watches.

"Watches are huge, with very wide bands slit so that a smaller, colored band can be woven through to match the outfit. The bands are in patent leather or suede. Watches are also hung from belts and worn in rings."

Belts were wide chains in gold or silver and worn low round the hips. ("St. Laurent has his initials engraved on his belts.")

Make-up was "glowing, silvery, luminous, and very light." Lipsticks were still skin-toned or pale pink. Little color was worn above the eye, usually blue.

Hair was simply drawn straight back for day, worn up for evening. ("Most girls in Paris have long hair at the moment.") A few small curls might be set, but no backcombing or lacquer.

Maggi bought two full-length evening dresses from Nina Ricci.

"One, in a beige, navy-and-claret-striped organza, has a low, V-shaped neckline, shoe-string straps and flares from just under the bust," she said. "It is caught under the bust with a navy-and-claret bow.

"The other is in shocking-pink silk crepe in a Grecian line with long, bat-wing sleeves."

Maggi also bought Nina Ricci earrings, a red-and-black St. Laurent dress, lots of accessories, some material, a pigskin suede jacket for her husband, Herve Hutter, French Commercial Attache in Melbourne — and baby clothes.

The baby is expected in July, and Maggi can't wait to try out the latest in children's fashions.

● Designed by Nina Ricci, worn by Maggi Eckardt, a black cocktail dress has a Spanish touch in the black flower attached to the back.

● Pyjama-style terrace dress in an oriental print organza from Nina Ricci's spring collection.

● In Nina Ricci's feminine cocktail suit in silk with an overlay of design-matched chiffon, worn with a frilly white blouse and black satin bow.

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NEXT WEEK

● For home dressmakers who want to achieve perfection, there's help at hand in our 16-page lift-out . . .

GUIDE TO WOOL SEWING

. . . with professional tips on sewing wool fabrics (including special handling details and sewing methods); on selecting wool with the weight, color, and texture best suited to your needs — *and* Vogue patterns to make.

◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆

★ Is a sloth slothful? You'll meet Nepomuk, the three-toed sloth — he has endearing ways — in

A SLOTH in the FAMILY

◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆

★ Here's an unusual first course for a dinner party (OR an easy supper dish): meat cooked on skewers—you'll love our recipes for

SATES

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★ Tower Zero is seven miles north of Exmouth, on North West Cape, W.A. —Australia's strangest country town. Read about life there—and see color pictures — in EXMOUTH: City people, country town

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Top designs in winter fashions

★ See them — and make them! Elegant clothes in wool (with Vogue patterns) in our special supplement will be paraded in Sydney from April 12 to 21.

"The most wonderful assignment any artist could be given" . . .

Portraits of Gretel and Dame Pattie

● *Melbourne illustrator Connell Lee*

A YOUNG Melbourne illustrator has been commissioned by the American magazine "Sports Illustrated" to do a series of paintings and drawings of the America's Cup contenders Gretel and Dame Pattie.

"It is the most wonderful assignment any artist could be given," said Connell Lee when he spent three days in Sydney recently to catch his first glimpse of his models, the two sleek 12-metre yachts.

"It is one where you can act as journalist-artist and give your own interpretations of the boats, the men who sail them, their background. The magazine doesn't simply want still-life photographs, but action, atmosphere, personalities.

"It doesn't want portraits of the men associated with the yachts, but rather informal action studies showing them at their normal duties. Those specially asked for are Sir Frank Packer — one of him at the helm of Gretel—Jock Sturrock, Bill Barnett, a crew member, and Warwick Hood, designer of Dame Pattie.

"The series has to be more than a physical reproduction, it has to incorporate a feeling.

"I don't think I have ever seen such sleek, graceful creatures as the 12-metres, and, seeing them, I was sure they had been built in the most modern, luxury surroundings.

"When I saw the old, rather ramshackle sheds that were their birthplace, I was rather shocked. Now I realise what a wonderful background sketch they will make —a sort of contrast.

"It has been a hectic three days of research. Although I have taken quite a lot of photographs for reference, I have absorbed enough to draw on my memory."

Connell, aged 28, married, with two children, Cindy, six, and Scott, three, lives in the Melbourne suburb of Hawthorn, and scenes of water and the boats that sail it are strangers to him.

On his three days in Sydney, he was up at dawn and down to the waterfront learning all he could about the yachts, how they are sailed, how the spinnakers are set, what mainsheets are.

"Everyone connected with the craft has been extremely helpful," he said.

"It was my first glimpse into the sailing world and I was most impressed with it and with the men who are part of it. They are dedicated to their yachts. They give you the feeling that, for the moment anyway, nothing else really matters but to get the boats ready and at their best.

"Knowing nothing about sailing doesn't seem to mean a thing to the art director of 'Sports Illustrated.' Instead, I have heard he likes to put artists on assignments about which they know nothing. He feels in this way the subject is given a new and fresh approach.

"I want to put action, atmosphere, background into the series, get the feel of the boats, and the excitement of the challenge preparations."

"I want to put action, atmosphere, and background into series."

Connell, an unaffected young man whose brown eyes gleamed with excitement at his job, started working as an apprentice in an engraving house in Perth when he was 17.

"I knew that any career as an artist would be difficult there, so I sold newspapers in my spare time, saved my fare, and went to Melbourne.

"Breaking into the art world there was no easy job," he said with a grin. "I hoisted furniture, worked as a builder's laborer, did all sorts of jobs until I was lucky enough to get a job with a department store. That began my career in advertising.

"After that I worked for several advertising agencies until I came to the crossroads of my life about three years ago.

"Agency work is demanding and involves long hours. I rarely saw my family.

"Also I wanted to concentrate on drawing and painting, so I took a gamble. With very limited capital, I started as a freelance consultant art-director and illustrator.

"I tried breaking into the American magazine market with little success.

"I can't tell you how many portfolios I sent to various publications in the States."

Patience and perseverance finally won out for Connell. A large publishing company took a series of his drawings on motor racing and a profile on Jack Brabham.

Then "Gebrauchsgraphic," an international art magazine which invites artists to submit their work, did a series on Connell.

"I don't know, of course, but I think it was this series that caught the eye of 'Sports Illustrated' and was responsible for my being given the yacht assignment," he said.

"They are paying me well for the job. But, outside money and personal prestige, I feel that this is a trial for Australian artists as a whole and I hope I come through it successfully."

—Gloria Newton

'Best Mother's Day' Contest

● **What happened on the best Mother's Day you can remember having?**

WHATEVER happened, we would like to hear about it. Write about 200 words on "The Best Mother's Day I've Had" and post it in time to reach our office by the contest closing date, April 10.

We will pay for all letters published and will award $50, $25, and $10 for the best three letters.

We feel sure that many delightful things have happened on Mother's Days over the years, and that readers would like to share their experiences.

Maybe, as we will publish a selection of the letters and the prize-winning letters before this year's Mother's Day, families will get some hints as to just what makes up a perfect day for the lady of the house.

● **Address all letters to "Mother's Day," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney. All letters must be received by April 10.**

● **We cannot return entries, so do not send postage.**

● **All who take part in the contest agree as a condition of entry to accept the results as final. No correspondence will be entered into.**

Employees of Australian Consolidated Press and allied companies and members of their families are not eligible to enter. Nor are employees of other newspapers or members of their families.

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A millionaire's son . . . a luxury sports car for a wedding present . . . a house in the Caribbean, and an aeroplane to fly there

A DREAM COMES TRUE

By CLAUDIA WRIGHT

● Lemeau Watt, of Melbourne, and Richard B. Duckett, of New York, at Zurs, in Austria.

WHEN Lemeau Watt, a Victorian grazier's daughter, was a little girl she dreamed — as most little girls do — of marrying a millionaire.

Two years ago in New York she found her husband-to-be—and he doesn't run far short of her childhood dreams.

Richard B. Duckett is a Washington millionaire bank-owner's son, a finance consultant and broker, 44, dark, and good-looking.

Lemeau's family and friends will meet him this month when he arrives in Melbourne to marry Lemeau.

In March she made a quick reconnaissance trip home from New York to see her family, book a church, and drop off her wedding gear.

Then she flew back to New York, being a bridesmaid en route for close American friend Lisa Ludlow at her wedding to Australian businessman Keith Hyland in Bangkok.

Originally Lemeau introduced Lisa and Keith when they were all skiing in Zurs, Austria, last Christmas.

Lemeau was really putting into practice the old saying "do unto others . . ." because Lisa Ludlow had played cupid to Lemeau and Richard.

"And I nearly didn't meet him," Lemeau said. "Lisa pleaded that I go to dinner with her at a little Italian restaurant in Greenwich Village. I kept refusing, then gave in. There she introduced me to Richard."

Before her three-year stay in New York, Lemeau Watt trained as a fashion buyer at a Melbourne Bourke Street store, and later went to a fashion magazine as their Melbourne editor.

A job with the International Wool Secretariat was her passport to New York, and she has been there ever since. "Learning to use New York — the best of what it has — and making sure it never gets the better of you."

Lemeau said, "Richard adores classical music, so we go to the Lincoln Centre and Carnegie Hall often.

"Twice a week we give a dinner party of some sort for six to 12 people. I love cooking — unusual cooking — nothing basic. I have pride in my souffles."

Lemeau Watt is a tall, golden blonde with heavy-lidded eyes and boutique grooming from head to toe. At 29 she knows exactly where she is going. Her conversation is fast, descriptive, and she illustrates her words with lots of eye and hand movements.

She was shoeless, braless ("I never wear bras, never — they're out overseas"), and hatless ("Never, never wear them — don't believe in hats any longer—hairpieces take their place").

Sipping tea, she looked sleepily at a magnificent tangle of clothes on a couch nearby.

They were her "living" clothes — Pucci dresses knotted around Pucci pants, an Ungaro suit tossed in with a pink caftan, and a djellabah for good measure.

(A djellabah is a flowing Arabian-inherited-style dress — the very latest in New York for informal entertaining or dining out. Lemeau even wears hers as a dressing-gown.)

Nearby on the floor a pair of long, orange boots had fallen on to a pair of long, pink suede boots. Standing neatly beside was a pair of orange patent leather shoes, with the squarest toes, the clunkiest heels, and the biggest buckles.

French shoes

"I call them my Charles I shoes," tossed in Lemeau.

They are French, as are all her shoes. New York shoes, she says, are "too heavy and horsy."

Lemeau had her wedding gown and the dresses for her two bridesmaids made in New York.

They are white organza cages, each covered with hundreds of flowers. On Lemeau's dress are roses and lily of the valley and on the bridesmaids' dresses forget-me-nots.

There will be no veils or headdresses — just white satin ribbon and flowers twisted through Victorian curls and braids. They will each carry a Victorian posy.

Lemeau doesn't plan a conventional wedding. There won't be even a traditional wedding ring.

A quarter-inch band of beaten gold featuring a large half-moon diamond and five triangles of diamonds at different angles will be a combination engagement-wedding ring.

She designed it and had it made in New York.

Originally Lemeau planned her wedding ceremony to be held in the garden of the home of a close friend, fashion designer Norma Tullo, and her husband, Brian King.

Church rules outlawed this and now Lemeau will be married at a church ceremony followed by a small champagne party.

On their wedding eve, Lemeau and her fiance will give a dinner party for close friends at a South Yarra restaurant, and each of the women guests will be presented with a Victorian posy — a token of the wedding day flowers.

After she is Mrs. Richard B. Duckett, Lemeau plans to show her husband the Australian countryside, the Barrier Reef, and the property belonging to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. Arret-Watt, "Menina Meewala," Arawata, via Kardella.

On their return to New York, Richard and Lemeau intend to buy a house in the Caribbean and an aeroplane to fly there. Lemeau has made a bargain with her husband — she will learn to fly if he learns to ski. He had his first skiing lessons with Lemeau in Austria at Christmas.

Lemeau also intends opening a street-level shop on Third Avenue, New York—something she calls "an environmental and functional art galleria."

She'll name the galleria "Lemeau," because, she says, the shop will portray her personal point of view on how she thinks young people should live.

"It is far different from the way our mothers and fathers lived with their silver, fine china, and Persian rugs. This new way of living on low levels closer to the floor is simple, non-ornate.

"Luxury comes with deep, tufted ottomans and low, plush chairs in long, furry fabrics, printed giraffe, zebra, kite fox, shiny vinyls screen-printed, tapestry cushions in brilliant wools."

Lemeau's idea of a dining setting is a low, large table surrounded by stacks of colorful cushions and ottomans with backs (for older guests).

"In New York apartments, each room can cost $100 a week to rent, so why not combine a dining-room with the living-room by removing the cushions after eating?

Low levels

"They can be put in a cupboard or scattered around the room. Living at low levels means you no longer need to bring out the odd spare chair from the bedroom or kitchen."

With this new way of living in New York, Lemeau says lighting is important. "The lampshade and base are no more, unless each is a contemporary art piece, or completely disguised by, perhaps, a piece of bronze and iron sculpture on a living-room table.

"Ashtrays are no longer small, neither are breakfast cups, and coffee cups MUST be at least three inches tall."

Lemeau has bought stocks from around the world for her galleria.

"I haven't seen anything, anywhere, like I'm going to have. I'm a bit terrified to tell too much in case someone else copies my ideas.

"The shop interior will be drastically modern. I want to do away with the front window and use film on several screens showing designs and fabrics constantly moving."

Pre-Christmas in Rome, buying for her business, Lemeau picked up her wedding present from Richard—a white Mercedes-Benz sports car, which she recalls as "An SL model—I think, or something like that. It's a convertible . . . no, no, it's a hardtop. I've forgotten. It's so long since I've seen it."

● Lemeau Watt wears a Pucci velvet dress in varying blues, green, and white. She has a collection of Pucci dresses, pants, and handbags.

● This is Lemeau's favorite suit — an Ungaro. Her orange patent shoes she describes as her "Charles I shoes." All her shoes are French.

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Shining hair, so beautifully held ...it's the loveliness of Gossamer

Gossamer keeps your hair beautifully in place without stickiness or lacquer. There's no dulling film with new Gossamer . . . it's diamond bright to keep your hair shining. Gossamer accents the natural beauty of your hair with lustrous highlights. Gossamer brushes right out leaving your hair with a just-washed feeling. Everything you want a hairspray to do, Gossamer does best.

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● **Prince Sadruddin Khan, aged 35, good-looking, fabulously rich, and the most eligible member of the exclusive international jet set, has a full-time job that will bring him to Australia this month as the guest of the Australian Government.**

The Prince who could have been a playboy

By ANNE MATHESON, of our London staff

PRINCE SADRUDDIN, son of the late Aga Khan III.

WHILE many of the international elite jet from one place to another for nothing more serious than to lunch at Acapulco, dine and dance at Nassau, Prince Sadruddin has a mission when he flies in and out of places like Mozambique, across Africa, on to the Sudan, Cairo for lunch, and home for dinner.

Home is Switzerland, the official headquarters of the United Nations High Commission for Refugees, the organisation to which he devotes his time and energies.

Prince Sadruddin was elected High Commissioner by the General Assembly in 1965, and to quote him: "It is a full-time job."

On April 10, the Prince is due to arrive in Australia for a two-week visit as the guest of the Australian Government.

"I am delighted to be going there," he said. "Australia is second only to the United States in the resettlement of European refugees. It has taken 260,000 under our mandate, and, in terms of population, more than any other country in the world.

"It is important to maintain contact and discuss the general financial situation."

Accompanying the Prince will be New Zealander John Woodward, head of resettlement in the organisation.

No salary

Prince Sadruddin, as United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees, takes no salary, although the office is full-time and he does a nine-to-five job in Geneva at the Palais De Nations when he is not travelling.

His salary is kept in a special fund which is used to help particularly needy cases. "It is like a piggy bank," one of the administrators told me.

With the charm, wit, wealth, and social standing of his family, Prince Sadruddin could easily have been a playboy.

He is the second son of the late Aga Khan, and, by all accounts, his favorite. His mother, Princess Andree, an attractive Frenchwoman, divorced the Aga Khan, but remained very close to the family and was in her ex-husband's thoughts until his death.

In the Aga Khan's will he requested that sons Aly and Sadruddin "treat my wife, and my former wife, Andree Josephine, with great consideration and kindness."

The Prince was at Harvard doing postgraduate work for his Ph.D. when he married the beautiful Nina Dyer, divorced wife of the Baron Henri Thyssen, and daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. S. Dyer, of Ceylon.

Nina was a quiet, cool-looking, reserved girl who became a well-known model. When her ten-month marriage to the Baron Thyssen ended in divorce she received a settlement of one million pounds, an island in the Caribbean, and a house outside Paris.

The Aga Khan blessed his son's romance with Nina, but his death held up their wedding until August, 1957.

It was reported that even on their honeymoon arguments started between Sadruddin and his bride. The Prince wanted to continue his studies at Harvard, Nina wanted to stay in Switzerland and raise a family.

They were divorced in 1962.

By that time Sadruddin was working hard as the Deputy High Commissioner for Refugees. There had been an attempt at a reconciliation at Christmas, 1961, in Switzerland, where their friends and the family had gathered, but it failed, and Nina returned to her home outside Paris, which she shared with her two black panthers and a zoo full of animals.

Four years later she died from an overdose of barbiturates while alone in her vast home after attending a party. A 7ft. wreath of the red roses she loved was placed on the coffin at her funeral.

Serious streak

Perhaps it was being the younger brother of the western playboy Aly Khan that developed a serious streak in Sadruddin. At Harvard he took a Bachelor of Arts degree in Government and International Relations, and then did two years of advanced work at Harvard's centre for Middle Eastern studies.

At an early age he was quoted as saying, "It is tough being Aly's brother. I do not like being compared with him. I would like to be Sadri Khan in my own right." ("Sadri" was his father's pet name for him.)

Sadruddin always loved parties, but was happier with his intellectual set, especially in Paris, where he edited a literary quarterly, "Paris Review."

He is not, however, a traditionally long-haired intellectual type. He wears his hair short, has a nuggety build, and is full of vitality. During his visit to Australia he is hoping to go boating, skindiving, and surfing.

Long before his nephew, Karim, became the Aga Khan and developed Sardinia for tourism, Sadri built a luxury mountain inn, called Chesery, at Gstaad.

He spent a quarter of a million sterling building the inn, and it soon brought the jet set to wine and dine, to ski and to stay. Among regular guests there are Prince Rainier and Princess Grace, and ex-Queen Soraya.

He has the family touch of doing things on a grand scale.

It is also typical of him that he should buy the most expensive exhibit at the Geneva Motor Show — a Silver Cloud Rolls-Royce — and yet drive around Geneva in a souped-up Mini which he had fitted with extras, including seven extra coats of duco, electronically operated windows, noise insulators, stereo record player and tape recorder, and reclining front seat.

Although he travels extensively and entertains lavishly at his beautiful home, "Belle Rive," in Geneva, his name rarely hits the gossip columns.

There has been no speculation on whom he will marry or even if he will remarry.

With the Queen

In London he has lunched with the Queen, dined with Prime Minister Mr. Harold Wilson, has hosted members of the British Cabinet.

He appears happy in his work and with his life. He does not seem to yearn for love as his brother, Aly, did.

Sadruddin was always close to his mother, and in spite of his parent's divorce he was never far away from his father. His stability is said to stem from his happy family life.

Until World War II, the Aga Khan and his wife had lived happily in France, where Sadruddin was born. The Aga called his little son "Din Din," and this became "Prince Din Din." When he died he left Sadruddin's Norwegian nanny, Miss Halldis Poppe, £10,000 free of death duty. She lives in Switzerland, and Sadri is a constant visitor to her house.

AT THE WEDDING of Prince Sadruddin and Nina Dyer are, from left, Princess Andree, mother of the bridegroom; Prince Aly Khan; Prince Karim, present Aga Khan; Prince Amyn; bride and bridegroom; Francoise Caron, Sadruddin's half-sister. Left, in black hat, is Bettina, friend of Aly Khan.

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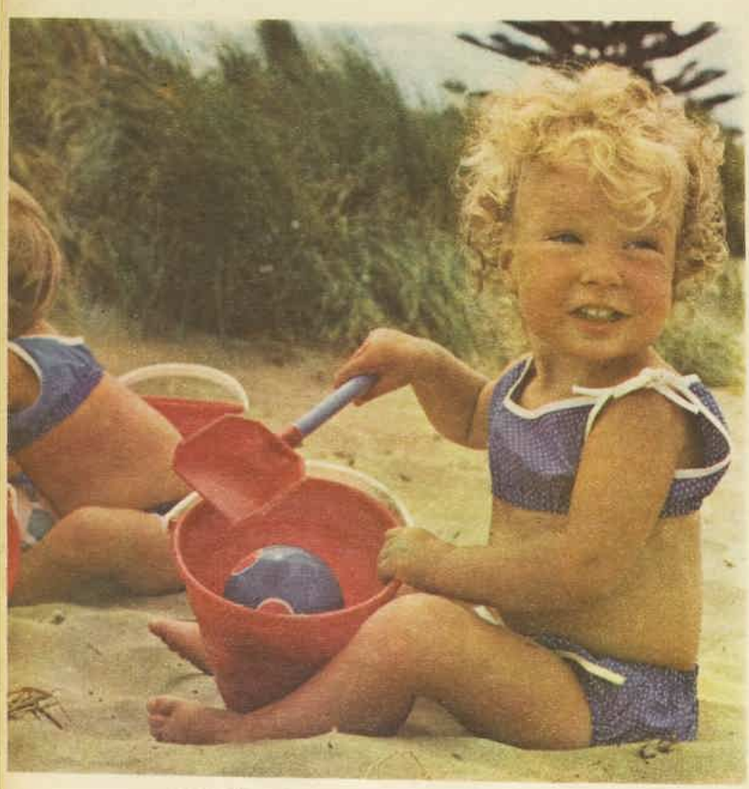
QUINS GO TO THE BEACH

—And five bright personalities show through

THE LAWSON QUINTUPLETS, of Auckland, N.Z., arrive at the beach near Aunty's home. From *right*. Deborah, Lisa, Selina, Shirlene, and Samuel, with seven-year-old sister Leeann, mother Ann, and father Sam Lawson.



SHIRLENE, a vivid, cheerful character, was perfectly content playing in the sand.

SAMUEL, Deborah, Lisa, Shirlene, and Selina Lawson, New Zealand's quintuplets, are rapidly becoming mobile and are just old enough to taste the joys and bewilderments of a day at the beach.

I watched them at play at an Auckland beach recently.

At a little over 18 months, they were just old enough, I found, to laugh or cry as a small wave knocked them off their uncertain feet; to chase a runaway beach ball; to fall face forward into the sand; to be plucked out of danger a hundred times or more, or lifted high on Dad's shoulders and carried laughing through the surf.

A day at the beach brings more joy to some of these quintuplets than to others. Lisa and Selina are dedicated water-babies and can't get into the water quickly enough.

While we were gathering on the beach Lisa was heading for the water at a wobbling trot, and when Dad and older sister Leeann were having a swim later, Lisa called "Dada, Dada," until her father came and lifted her on to his shoulders and took her out to join them.

Selina would stay in the water happily splashing all day if the grown-ups would let her, and she was the special joy of her great-grandmother, Mrs. Selina Winslow, who, not to be restricted by stockings and shoes, took them off and waded out among the children.

A vigorous 78-year-old, Mrs. Winslow had just returned from a weekend cruise, but ignoring suggestions of rests never left the children all afternoon and never stopped smiling all afternoon!

By contrast with his two water-baby sisters, Samuel is getting acquainted with beach life more cautiously. He's not too happy about it and is rather overwhelmed by the immensity of all that water and all that sand.

There are compensations in not liking the beach as much as the others, though — Dad takes you off for little walks all by yourself, so you don't mind at all if the sea-stage is taken over by ravishing beach beauties in their tiny blue-frilled polka-dot bikinis.

Each of the girls is quite distinctive now.

Deborah is always easily identified because of her dark hair, and Shirlene now has a pretty doll's head of curly golden hair. Selina, last to be born, is an inch shorter than the others; and Lisa, who loves her food (although she doesn't eat any more than her brother and sisters), has a chubbier face.

As the babies have grown, they've been given nicknames, some for a reason, others for no reason at all. Samuel gets called "George" (no one knows why, it has just happened); Deborah is "Dip-dip" or "Dibby" (playful variations on her name); Shirlene is "Pebbles" (again for no reason); Selina is "Peanuts" (because she is so tiny and cute); and Lisa is "Minnie" (her own version of her name).

Long preparation

Until Mr. and Mrs. Lawson have their own home built near the sea, outings to the beach need hours of preparation.

Several sets of clothing have to be provided, and these arrive, each set neatly on baby coathangers, in large washing-baskets, together with towels and five buckets, five spades — in fact five of everything — plus clothes for Leeann.

Various members of the family and friends offer their homes to allow the young Lawsons a beach outing, and these photo-

Pictures by Graeme McKechnie and Ian Baker

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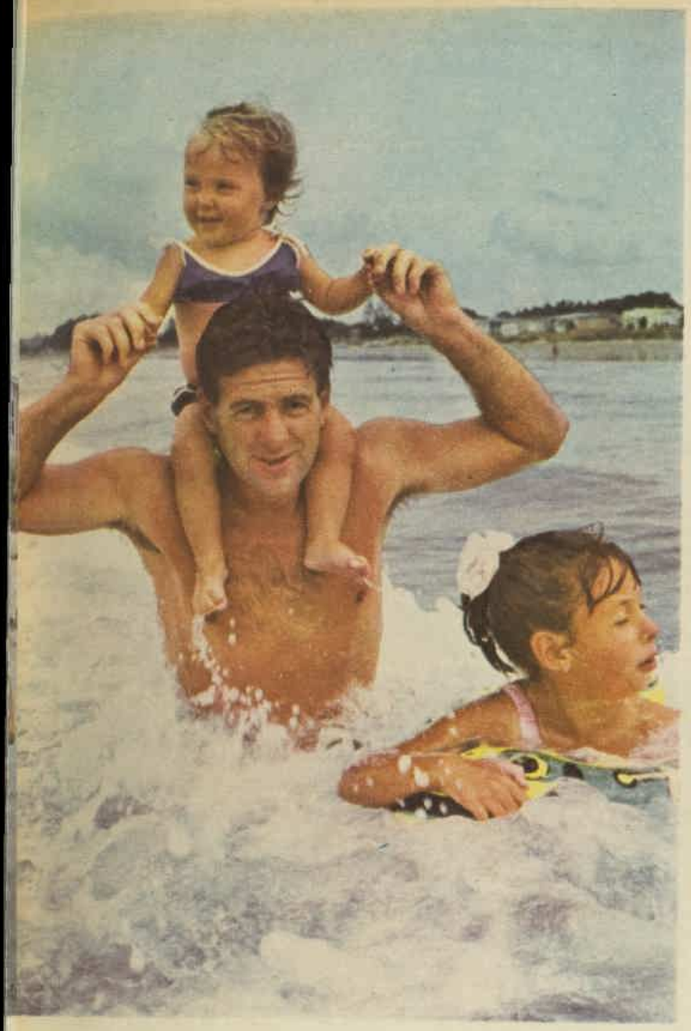

LISA, "a dedicated water-baby," enjoyed her ride in the surf on Dad's shoulders.

SAMUEL, seen with Selina and Deborah, wasn't too happy about all that sand.

graphs were taken at the seaside house of their uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. D. F. Winslow. Their home has direct access to the beach, and during the week there are few other people about.

Obviously people quickly realise who the five children are, but they are usually left in peace. No photographs of the quintuplets are permitted to be taken by the public.

The Winslows' home has a small, enclosed lawn fronting the beach, and here we all rested between photographs. Here, too, we had afternoon tea, with biscuits and a giant, delicious chocolate cake (made by Mrs. Lawson that morning).

The quintuplets were allowed free access to one of the biscuit tins specially for a photograph and, as Karitane nurse Margaret Sadler commented, "They've never had it so good!" What with a piece of chocolate cake, too, there were five very well-fed quintuplets (and photographers and writers).

Even such a simple function as afternoon tea has its complications. Nurses Margaret Sadler and Llynette Gammin are on the alert all the time, and they take over while Mr. and Mrs. Lawson have their tea.

Yet there's seldom a free moment even then — one or other of the children comes running to Mummy for a kiss and cuddle, and then runs off again on never-ending adventures. A little later Mrs. Lawson calls to the girls to have their tea while she watches for any mishaps.

It's the kind of teamwork that, since their birth, has made the handling of the quintuplets possible — physical handling of five children all of an age, all wanting to be fed or changed or amused.

For a while before Christmas, while Nurse Gammin was ill and while the home help was on holiday, Mrs. Lawson and Nurse Sadler did everything for the quintuplets, for the family, and for the house, by themselves.

For about two weeks neither of them left the house and by that time both were exhausted, but, as Margaret added: "We always seem to come through." And they give full credit to Leeann at this time, too, because she helped to dress and feed the children and even helped with the laundry.

The quintuplets have been very healthy children and have had only minor setbacks — like the time a stomach virus went round all five and then went round again! Everyone is pleased with their progress, which is considered to be very good for premature babies.

Now they can sing

When these pictures were taken the quintuplets' weights were:

Samuel, 24lb. 10oz.
Deborah, 23lb. 9oz.
Lisa, 23lb. 8oz.
Shirlene, 22lb. 1oz.
Selina, 20lb. 15oz.

All the girls have 12 teeth now (Selina was the last to cut her doubles) — and Samuel has 15.

They are all putting words together well and can sing, to recognisable tunes, four songs: "Row, Row, Row the Boat" (a play-song for the bath), "Ring-a-Ring a Rosie," "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star," and "Here We Go Gathering Nuts in May."

All are full of fun and love doing the things all children enjoy — like slipping their feet into adult shoes and tripping around in a grand manner.

Next summer the Lawson family hope to be living in their own home by the sea. There the children will enjoy those golden days every child born in New Zealand remembers as being always sunny, always cloudless, and always happy.

—*PATRICIA HILL*

SELINA, last-born and smallest, is called Peanuts "because she's so tiny and cute."

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AT LEFT: Afternoon-tea break for Mrs. Dick Inglis, of "Applewood," Cobbitty, Mr. and Mrs. Reg Farrell, of "Yarraman," Cobbitty, and Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Holdaway, of "Blairmount," Campbelltown (left to right), at the County Polo Club's annual tournament at Warwick Farm.

AT RIGHT: Captain of the Canberra polo team, Captain J. Gorman, of "Taliesin," Queanbeyan, and Mrs. Frank Donohoe, of Potts Point, after the first match of the day at Warwick Farm, when County C defeated the Canberra team.

ABOVE: Many country people who came to Sydney for the Easter festivities stayed over to attend the polo at Warwick Farm. Among them were Mr. and Mrs. Ken Mackay, of "Tabbil Creek," Dungog (left), with their daughter Margaret and Mr. Chris Taylor, of Tamworth.

ABOVE: Mr. Richard Bray, of "Ranelagh," Forbes, spent a relaxing few minutes with Miss Colleen Hickey, of Lindfield, before umpiring the exciting match between the Queensland and Adelaide polo teams. Mr. Bray spent a fortnight at the North Sydney home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. Bray.

AT RIGHT: Mr. Andrew Palmer, of "Denfield," Campbelltown, on his horse Simeon, talked with Miss Judy King, of Sydney, between chukkas during the Canberra versus County C match.

SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

By Mollie Lyons

HARD to realise it's nearly Film Festival time again, but in my mail this week was a notice from David Stratton, the director, giving initial details of the festival, which this year will be from May 31 to June 12. I'm sure there'll be many people who will welcome the change of venue for the main screenings, which will be at Cremorne and Rose Bay. Special guests will be Hollywood director Josef von Sternberg and Swedish director Jorn Donner, who will be here for the Sydney festival and in Melbourne for theirs. Both directors will give lectures.

★ ★ ★

POSTCARD from Canada from Rosemary and John Allen (she was formerly Rosemary O'Loan) tells me that they have now moved with their baby son from Honolulu to West Vancouver, where they have bought what sounds like a lovely home. Rosemary's parents, the Frank O'Loans, of Yass, hope to get over to see her in June.

★ ★ ★

DATE for your diary . . . the Pied Piper Committee's morning tea party at the home of Mrs. Denis Rowe on April 13, when there'll be a talk on antique clocks.

★ ★ ★

AND, a second one, the luncheon and fashion parade on April 11 arranged by the social committee of the United Nations Association of Australia at the Wentworth Hotel to aid the Freedom from Hunger Campaign.

★ ★ ★

HEARD that Julie Mooy (who announced her engagement to Dr. David Byrnes at Easter) will celebrate with an informal party at the Strathfield home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Mooy, on April 8. Julie, a medical technologist at Sydney Hospital, and David, a doctor at St. Vincent's Hospital, plan to marry early next year.

★ ★ ★

ANOTHER engagement I heard of this week is that of Pat Warhol and Gareth Hurst. Gareth (of Bellevue Hill) is in Montreal, Canada, at present, and a very excited Pat is flying over on April 10 to meet him. They will marry in Pat's hometown, Minneapolis, Minnesota, at Christmas and will return to Montreal to live. By the way, their best man, Simon Flower (who is in Sydney at present), will soon be making his way to Stanford University in California for postgraduate work before going on later to Minneapolis for the wedding.

★ ★ ★

AND a family party on April 8 at the Darling Point home of Mr. and Mrs. Victor McMahon will celebrate the engagement of their daughter Alison and Douglas Markell. The McMahons' second daughter, Sue, will arrive home from overseas just in time for the party. Alison is just back after nine months abroad. Tentative date for the wedding is November.

IT was nice to see Mr. and Mrs. George Christmas back in town for the Easter festivities. They spent two weeks at their home unit at Double Bay with their sons Tony (who is on holidays from the University) and Phillip (who came down from his property at Walcha). Tony returned with them to the family property, "Stratheden," at Tamworth, where the family expects to be joined by Phillip for the Tamworth picnic races on April 6.

★ ★ ★

MORE news of picnic races from Condobolin, where the annual meeting this year has been replaced by a bush meeting on April 8 arranged by a group of young men. I hear that the Bachelors and Spinsters' Ball at night promises to be quite a gay affair. Pru Stitt is taking up a group of young people from Sydney to stay at the home of her cousin, David Brown (who is one of the hosts). Among them will be her sister Barb, Susie Byrne, and Graham Walsh.

★ ★ ★

FIRST of the Crown Street Hospital Committee's literary luncheons is scheduled for April 5, when the theme will be Art. Artist Roland Wakelin, the guest speaker, will be introduced by artist Douglas Dundas. The committee plans a luncheon about every six weeks and has decided to have a definite theme for each one. The next will probably be on music.

★ ★ ★

THE Sydney Hospitallers Refresher Week commences on April 10, and what a busy week it will be for the ladies' committee. Interesting guest this year will be Dr. J. Brode, who is out here with his wife and five-year-old son from Prague, Czechoslovakia, where Dr. Brode is a professor of medicine at the Charles University. The first social function will be a cocktail party at Sydney Hospital on April 10, and the second, a luncheon at the home of Dr. and Mrs. W. Wolfenden at Bellevue Hill on April 12. Refresher Week will end with a dinner dance on April 14 at the Royal Sydney Golf Club.

★ ★ ★

THE memory of the stark beauty of the landscape around Alice Springs is one of the things the Edward Kriegs and their two daughters, Robin and Susan, will take home to America with them when they fly in May. They came out here four years ago and spent quite a lot of time in Central Australia, where Mr. Krieg worked as a consulting geophysicist in oil exploration. The family will settle in New Orleans.

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COLORED STOCKINGS. Mrs. Bill Webster (at left) and Mrs. Ralph Rosenblum wore two of the most striking outfits on Ladies' Day. Interest centred on their stockings, helmet hats, and chunky handbags.

CARNABY STREET STOCKINGS. Mrs. Brian Ettelson (at right) wore bow-patterned stockings which her husband brought for her from London and Mrs. Kenneth Youdale wore stockings to match her dress.

THREESOME. Typical of the colorful ensembles worn by many racegoers were the tailored outfits chosen by Mrs. Rod MacKenzie, Mrs. Reg Goldsworthy, and Mrs. Peter Hardaker (left to right) for the autumn meeting.

A.J.C. AUTUMN RACING CARNIVAL

ABOVE: Philippines visitor Miss Lia Chuidian (at right) with Melbourne visitor Miss Jenny Stratman, of Toorak (at left), Mrs. Colin Ross Munro (second from left), and Mr. Bill Dwyer outside the Members' Stand.

Brightly colored stockings, fish-net stockings, lace stockings, and white stockings at the autumn races at Randwick made the meeting a "leggy" one rather than the usual "hatty" one. Mad sunglasses and outfits in vivid colors with stockings to match stole the fashion scene.

AT RIGHT: Unusual scarf-hat worn by Miss Jill Chapman was reminiscent of mesh helmets worn by the Crusaders going into battle.

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER. Mrs. Norman Hill and her daughter, Mrs. Simon Creswick, who is in Sydney from Melbourne prior to leaving with her husband for Paris, where they will live.

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Your fully trained Dorothy Gray consultant will help you select the right preparations for **your** particular skin type.

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Brit. Dom.	$5.25	$10.50
Foreign	$6.55	$13.10

OUR WORLD TOUR, 1968

● *Among our 1968 world tourists are Mrs. Helen McArthur, of Bellevue Hill, N.S.W. (above), and (right) Mrs. Olive Barker, of Kew, Vic., and granddaughter, Miss Janice Hayes, 18. The trip will be Mrs. Barker's graduation present to Janice.*

—Holiday of a lifetime already heavily booked

THE Australian Women's Weekly World Discovery Tour, 1968, which takes you right around the world, is already heavily booked although it was announced only a few weeks ago.

The first time such a route has been offered, travel experts at World Travel Headquarters specially arranged the exciting itinerary to ensure that tour members see the most sought-after places and cities at the most reasonable prices.

There's Guam, with its 5000 years of history and legend; the beauty of Tokyo and Kyoto; luxurious Honolulu; glamorous Los Angeles with its Hollywood, its Disneyland; the colorful way of Mexican life in Acapulco; the interesting voyage through the Panama Canal; Miami with its Ocean World Aquarium; Madeira, noted for its hand-made lace.

For an inclusive basic tour price of only $A1708 (£N.Z.716, $N.Z.1432), this tour, our third, takes you to 19 countries in 20 weeks (22 weeks for New Zealanders).

It includes exciting shore excursions at many ports of call and an interest-packed 23-day tour of Europe.

On your return from the Continent there is a leisurely tour of England and Scotland which will give you ample time to see the places you have always wanted to visit.

Your voyage to the United Kingdom, leaving Sydney on February 4, is by way of Guam, Japan, Honolulu, Los Angeles, Acapulco, Panama, Miami, and Madeira, with all of the P. and O. one-class liner Orcades for tour members.

The whole of the tourist class of the Canberra is available for the return journey, with stops at Gibraltar, Athens, Port Said, Aden, Colombo, and duty-free Singapore.

Shore excursions, mainly by chartered coach for economy, will give you the opportunity of seeing "the most" for "the least" and allow you plenty of time for shopping and independent sightseeing.

One of the first Sydney people to book on this 1968 "holiday of a lifetime" was Mrs. Helen McArthur, of Bellevue Hill.

Mrs. McArthur, who will be 74 when the tour begins, was booked to go this year, but for personal reasons was forced to cancel it.

"I stood on my neighbor's balcony and cried my eyes out as I saw the Himalaya leave the harbor," she said.

"I have been all over Australia, crossed the Nullarbor by car, but I haven't been out of the country. I feel that now I am just at the right age to see the world."

Mrs. McArthur has a grandson at Cambridge studying criminology. She is looking forward to seeing him during the 23 leisure days in London.

"From what I have heard, the Women's Weekly tour is the most wonderful way to travel, especially if travelling alone."

Friends who went on our first World Discovery Tour in 1966 convinced Carol and Robyn Lawless, of the Sydney suburb of Burraneer, that it was the best way to travel overseas.

Carol, 21, and Robyn, 18, saw their friends off when they sailed from Sydney and they were very impressed with the tour.

"Then, when our friends returned and told us the wonderful stories of their travels, it made us determined to book our passages on the first available tour," Carol said.

"We are both so excited I just don't know how we are going to live through the intervening months."

Linda Barbi, of the Brisbane suburb of New Farm, is a lucky young woman to be going on our 1968 tour. A car accident in February, when the driver swerved to miss a small dog, gave Linda a badly broken nose.

She had to have plastic surgery, but it has been most successful.

Fully recovered, Linda is completing her hairdressing training this year, and is looking forward to touring with her parents Mr. and Mrs. Alfred ("Alfie") Barbi.

Mr. and Mrs. Barbi already have seen much of the world, but this will be Linda's first overseas trip.

Mrs. Barbi said: "When I travel, I like to get out and meet people, to talk to them, to learn how they live, but 'Alfie' spends all his time looking at buildings. He just loves construction."

Mr. Barbi, a master builder, built the block of home units they live in.

Like many businessmen, Mr. Barbi can afford little time for holidays, but said he was looking forward to our 20-week world tour. He defined its attraction for him as: "Compact and organised."

For the 23-day leisure period, Linda and her mother will visit Paris and Rome for a shopping spree.

Later they will make a sentimental journey to Mr. Barbi's birthplace in Sicily. (She has lived in Australia since she was ten.)

HOW TO BOOK

New South Wales—A.C.T.: World Travel Headquarters Pty. Ltd., 33-35 Bligh Street, Sydney. Telephone 28-4841.

Northern N.S.W.: Jayes Travel Service Pty. Ltd., 285 Hunter Street, Newcastle. Telephone 2-5191.

Victoria—Tasmania: World Travel Headquarters Pty. Ltd., C.M.L. Building, 330 Collins Street, Melbourne. Telephone 67-7481.

Queensland — Northern Territory — New Guinea: Universal Travel Company, 93 Creek Street, Brisbane. Telephone 2-3008.

South Australia: King's Travel Agency Pty. Ltd., 30 Currie Street, Adelaide. Telephone 51-2146.

Western Australia: Westfarmers Travel Service, 569 Wellington Street and 14 Terrace Arcade, Perth. Telephone 21-0191.

New Zealand: Russell & Somers Limited, 83 Customs Street East, Auckland. Telephone 2-0959.

London Offices: Milbanke House, 104 New Bond Street, London W.1., England. Telephone HYDe Park 8494, GROsvenor 7221.

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You can return in January or, if you wish, stay until April, 1968. Convenient shipping connections to and from New Zealand and Australian States ensure this tour's popularity, with fares priced from $A1170 (£N.Z.496). How to book, at left.

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MEDICAL GRADUATES on a refresher course for women doctors designed by the Postgraduate Committee in Medicine in Sydney.

Women doctors coming out of retirement

● Women medical graduates who married and had families or for other reasons had given up their profession are being encouraged to return to practice.

By GLORIA NEWTON

A MONTH'S refresher course for women doctors, set up and designed by the Postgraduate Committee in Medicine, was held in Sydney recently.

Dr. Selwyn Nelson, Honorary Director of the Committee, said there had been a great deal of discussion, not only here but overseas, on the wastage of women doctors' talent.

"The community invests a considerable amount in training a doctor and it seems wrong to see that investment wasted," he said.

"The yearly medical school quota includes about 15 percent of women, so the number, say, over 10 years, who fail to practise after graduation is rather high.

"We thought one way to help would be to run a course and lure back women who may now be able to spare the time from their families.

"It is primarily a course to give them the confidence to start again, a sort of introduction to the re-entry to practice.

"Some women married to doctors have kept up their interest in medicine through discussions, but in some cases the husband specialises in one field, which is not helpful. Where the husband is not a doctor, it is almost impossible.

"We feel if we can bring some of these women back into the profession, they can be used in school medical services, lecturing, in part-time work if their time is limited.

"There are problems many women prefer to take to women doctors. For instance, congenital disorders, subnormal children, gynaecological problems.

"If they are married to a doctor with his own practice, they could be of great assistance to him in these cases.

"Also, today many firms employing large numbers of women would find these doctors right for jobs as industrial medical officers."

One lecture on the course's agenda, centred on items particularly suited to women, was given by two women doctors and the headmistress of a girls' school.

Titled, "A Liberal Education for the Adolescent Girl," it covered such subjects as sex, society, and biology.

"Recently two women doctors held 12 lectures in ten schools, and later conferred to assess their value," said Dr. Nelson.

"They intend discussing it during this course, giving the results of their research and suggestions on the best way to give these talks.

"The heads of most girls' schools feel that these discussions are better handled by women doctors than teachers or others.

"Women doctors would be more sympathetic and, being married and mothers, they would be in a better position to deal with such matters than a man or an unmarried woman."

The 40 women who enrolled for the course emerged from their first morning's lectures full of enthusiasm.

Their average age was in the thirties, 50 percent were married to doctors, and 27 had 86 children between them.

But all had two things in common — eagerness and an earnest desire to study, to learn, and to return to their profession in some capacity.

They had, that morning, listened intently to three lectures, by two professors and a doctor, on dyspepsia, advances in obstetrics, and skin conditions found in general practice.

Each woman, notebook by her side, scribbled rapidly as she listened to the old, familiar medical terminology.

When, at last it was over — 3½ hours of it — and they spilled out of the lecture-room, many told me they had arrived feeling nervous and apprehensive. But the lectures had been so stimulating, so interesting, their spirits had soared.

"The lecturers treated us as doctors, not students," said one, "and that was good for the ego. That, plus the fact that my medical training seemed to come back in a rush. The lecture on skin encompassed three months' teaching into little more than an hour and I found I could follow it quite easily."

One tall, slim woman, mother of six children aged from three to 12, said she hadn't practised for 14 years.

"I have always wanted to come back, but it was hard to know how to start," she said. "Six months ago, I made a few visits to the Royal North Shore Hospital to catch up on things and I am now working part-time at a hospital for retarded children.

"My husband is not a doctor. While he is most sympathetic, it is hard for him to understand the terrific responsibilities of my profession.

"I knew if I left it for another year, I would never go back, so you can see this course is exactly what I had hoped for.

"And, you realise, too, that you are coming back with your own experiences in life that can help you tremendous'y in dealing with people and their problems. It is the kind of experience you don't have when you are young and single."

Dr. J.B., a tall, grey-haired woman with intense blue eyes, told me she was on eight months' leave from the Church Missionary Society in Tanganyika when she heard of the course.

"I graduated from Sydney University in 1947, and since 1952 have been practising for the society," she said. "Although we receive all the latest medical journals and talk to the flying doctors who call on us, I thought I would like to be brought up-to-date with what is happening here."

Others I spoke to said:

● "My husband is a radiologist and he was delighted when I told him I was going to take up medicine again. I graduated 15 years ago and have been helping him, but I wanted to do something active.

"My four children are at school now and I have a bit of time to spare. What I would really like to do is something with children, say, the school medical service of school lectures."

● "I retired a few years ago, but I was so unhappy doing nothing I decided to start in practice again."

Dr. Joy Vautin, supervisor of the course, said the cost of household help was a large factor in preventing married women doctors from working.

"Some I know have found the money they received for a part-time job was all being paid out to baby-sitters and household help, which was not very encouraging.

"And it is practically impossible for a mother with young children to be in practice. You are on call any hour of the day or night and unless you have really competent help — expensive and hard to get today — you just can't manage.

"The main thing these women need is confidence, and this course is really a little push to start them going. I was out of medicine for a while and, believe me, it really takes time to feel competent enough to preside over a surgery full of patients."

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972713

● *Patrick Macnee supports Twiggy, England's 17-year-old model, who is wearing one of Diana's "Avenger" cocktail dresses. Macnee is wearing Pierre Cardin's red silk single-breasted evening suit. Cardin also designs his day clothes. "The Avengers" may be seen at 8 p.m. Tuesdays on ABC-TV in Sydney from April 11; Melbourne, 8 p.m. Mondays from April 10.*

Television

● *ABOVE: Steed (Patrick Macnee) with Mrs. Emma Peel (Diana Rigg), ready to resume their entertaining lives in "The Avengers." BELOW: Diana supported by dress designer Alun Hughes. Diana wears a coat in pink, orange, and yellow tweed and an "Emma" topper. Notice her shoes.*

"THE AVENGERS"

● "The Avengers," Britain's joyful send-up of the TV spy-thriller formula, is back on ABC-TV in a new series with all the charms that make it compulsive viewing for so many.

HEADING the list of charms is Diana Rigg as Emma Peel, and sophisticated Patrick Macnee as John Steed.

Macnee plays the role of the secret agent hero, and Diana something between heroine and sidekick.

According to the script, Mrs. Emma Peel is the wealthy widow of a test pilot, a companion to Steed in his adventures. Her relationship with him is left to the viewer to decide.

Another thing not disclosed is whom Steed, always devilishly debonair and good-natured, works for.

He certainly doesn't ever mention it to Mrs. Peel, whom he always addresses formally, never as "Emma." The formality, I feel, hides a secret life together, but there is no hint of it — not a kiss, an embrace.

Mrs. Peel is just as discreet as Steed. She calls him Steed, never touches him.

"Emma Peel isn't fully emancipated," Diana Rigg said recently. "Steed pats her from time to time like a good horse. Her relationship with him is ambiguous."

In real life Diana Rigg is emancipated. At 28, she has a permanent boy-friend with whom she says she is happily in love, but does not believe she will ever marry. "I dreamed of marriage and motherhood till I was 22, but I didn't identify with marriage after that."

As well as being internationally famous as Emma Peel, she is also said to be "one of today's finest Shakespearian actresses."

When the present series of "The Avengers" began filming she was starring with the Royal Shakespeare Company as Viola in "Twelfth Night."

"The Avengers" hero, Macnee, is first cousin to Hollywood's David Niven. He is 44 and is a descendant of Robin Hood.

"My mother was related to the Earls of Huntingdon and they claimed Robin Hood was an ancestor," Macnee says.

"I went to Hollywood for some time, and came back for 'The Avengers.' I had been playing villains in three-cornered hats in Hollywood and I thought John Steed ought to be played the same way."

More than ordinary care has gone into this series of "The Avengers." For the first time it is being filmed in color specially for America, where it has developed into a TV cult.

— NAN MUSGROVE

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972714

IT'S THE SHOW WITH THE BIGGEST BUDGET

By NAN MUSGROVE

● "This Day Tonight," the long-planned ABC-TV topical daily news magazine program, starts on Monday, April 10, at 7.30 p.m. and goes on for ever — Mondays to Fridays.

"THIS DAY TONIGHT," already known as TDT round the ABC, is Australia's biggest budget show — it is costing the ABC more than $1,000,000 a year.

Planning for the program has been going on for 18 months, and in the past two months has reached an all-out frenzy that wound up with weeks of "dry run" programs.

(A "dry run" program is one made as if it was actually telecast each night. Everything is planned, filmed, edited, stops short only at the actual telecast.)

The "dry runs" have produced an atmosphere of enthusiasm at the conservative ABC. It is certainly controlled enthusiasm, but it is the sort that makes you think they are more than pleased with the early results.

Sight unseen it is impossible to describe TDT—except to say that it is planned as a topical 30-minute TV newspaper to be produced every evening except Saturdays and Sundays.

The executive producer, the big boss of TDT, is Allan Martin, 41, a New Zealander who has had a great deal of experience with the BBC, Britain's commercial TV, Associated Rediffusion, and the New Zealand Broadcasting Corporation with similar programs to TDT.

When I met him he struck me as a solid, down-to-earth type who won't get carried away and lose sight of the job in hand. I am sure he won't turn a hard news story into a surrealistic ballet and say it's symbolic of the day's main story.

Martin says the program "aims to reflect Australian life and society in the widest possible sense.

"It will be concerned with news and topical events, the pursuit of fact and exploration of ideas."

Via the workers' grapevine I hear Martin is a good man at his job, his ability is highly respected, and he is a disciplinarian, all of which adds up to a good man to head a team that will have to be hard-working to make that nightly 7.30 deadline.

He has 17 reporters and research workers for the show, which will be telecast simultaneously in Sydney, Melbourne, and Canberra to begin with.

Gradually the team will be increased in size until TDT is a national show.

Incidentally, that figure of 17 does not include cameramen or the numbers of people already within the vast organisation of the ABC who will be called on when needed.

Out in front of the camera, as compere and general anchor man, is Bill Peach, who will link the different items.

Peach, a current affairs man with commercial TV, went to the ABC about a year ago, where he has been marking time waiting for TDT working on "Four Corners."

I have no doubt Bill Peach will appear as quite a different personality as TDT's anchor man. Scripts are different, the Martin approach is different, and I am sure Peach will be different, too.

I look forward to seeing TDT. Specialised news and current affairs are my favorite programs, but I think TDT could be better timed.

I cannot see it competing with the delights of the commercial channels' 7.30 shows like "Sound of Music," "McGooley," "The Man From U.N.C.L.E.," "Burke's Law." But time will tell.

At present, like everyone else, I'm excited at this new extension of TV and the thought of a new local program. It is good for viewers everywhere.

★ ★ ★

TCN9's cameramen achieved the ultimate TV result during the Easter holidays when they sent me hurrying away from the TV set to put my head down for a while.

Subject to motion sickness occasionally, I found their splendid telecast of the Gretel-Dame Pattie sailing races too moving to watch for any length of time. I give them my special award for outstandingly realistic camerawork.

French—and no tears

THE French lesson on "TV Tutorial" on ATN7, "France — as though you were there," Sundays, at 11 a.m., must give heart to travellers a little unsure of their French conversation ability.

Last week the lesson dealt with an English-speaking tourist in Paris dealing with the exacting task of hiring a taxi, saying where he wanted to go, and coping with the ebullience of the driver.

Everything sounded very chancy with the tourist hesitating and "je-ing," and fiddling with the verb "to go" nervously.

After a bit, the taxi driver took over, and ended the situation happily by beaming and saying; "Tres bien, 'op in."

"France — as though you were there" is good entertainment and as a lesson definitely is French without tears.

I am sure it would be a great help for French-learning schoolchildren not otherwise occupied on Sunday mornings.

Bill Peach

Gerald Stone

Frank Bennett

Peter Luck

FOUR FACES that will become familiar to viewers of "This Day Tonight" belong to the reporters who will appear on camera during the five-night-a-week program on ABC-TV beginning April 10, 7.30 p.m.

Television

Ray Milland on "Tonight" show

RAY MILLAND, who arrives here any day now, will meet his Sydney fans via TCN9 and "Tonight" with Don Lane as soon as he can fit in an appearance between rehearsals for "Hostile Witness," the play in which he will star at the Tivoli Theatre.

Milland will raise a nostalgic sign among the older ladies who remember him as the young, good-looking hero of many movies.

Viewers may remember him as Markham of "Markham," a TV series which didn't last long and was, I think, rather a Milland mistake.

It will be interesting to see him live on TV. I understand he'll be interviewed by lanky Don without any hint of singing or dancing or fancy stunt.

★ ★ ★

REPEATS of old shows are a mixed blessing, but some of them stand up very well to the second time round, especially "Maigret."

I was intrigued at a recent segment when that model of discretion, Madame Maigret, erupted into one of Maigret's cases.

I have always admired Madame for her restraint and for her philosophic attitude toward her kitchen specialty, the chicken, ruined regularly week after week either by Maigret's lateness or by his call to duty as she puts the dish on the table.

In this episode, though, chickens forgotten, she spoke with passion about a young man's innocence.

She also revealed one of the Inspector's secrets — his christian name, Jules.

In all the years I've watched Maigret I've never before heard him addressed as anything but Maigret, Inspector, or Patron. It was quite a moment. "Jules" gives Maigret a new dimension.

"PERRY" IN ROLE OF DETECTIVE

● Raymond Burr, who became the idol of Australian viewers when he starred on TCN9 as "Perry Mason," the attorney who never lost a court case, may be back on TCN9 in a brand-new series, "Ironsides."

"IRONSIDES" is another crime series, but this time Burr is a detective.

Nicknamed "Ironsides," Burr is a high-ranking detective in the San Francisco Police Department who, while on a job, was shot and lost the use of his legs. He carries on in a wheelchair.

Burr, as "Ironsides," uses other people as his legs while he masterminds the job from his chair.

After the "Perry Mason" series stopped filming last year, Universal Studios made a two-hour movie specially for TV called "Ironsides," in which Burr starred.

Universal and the giant NBC network liked the movie so much that they immediately began detailed plans for a TV series based on the movie with Burr as the wheelchair detective.

TCN9 executives made detailed plans, too, to get the series for their station.

Burr has been their consistent winner of popularity ratings ever since he hit TCN9 in June, 1958, and romped on year after year until February, 1967, when, for the first time, sad-eyed, bulky Burr disappeared from TCN9's screen.

At present Burr is said to be studying scripts and resting on the Fijian island he bought to escape from the pressures of life as a top-flight TV star.

He is mad about gardening and animals and planned an idyllic life well away from the studios.

Reminded of all his plans and pronouncements about being finished with TV series, Burr said the other day: "I've always thought that doing a series was too much hard work, but how can I turn one down in which I'm sitting all the time?"

TOMMY HANLON'S

Thought for the week

Momma once said, when my sister wanted to leave school and get a job so that she could have her own money to spend, "My dear, if you leave school now you will regret it the rest of your life. Just the thrill alone of learning another language and being able to communicate in another's tongue is something you will treasure always." My sister stayed at school and never regretted it. And don't forget this, either . . .

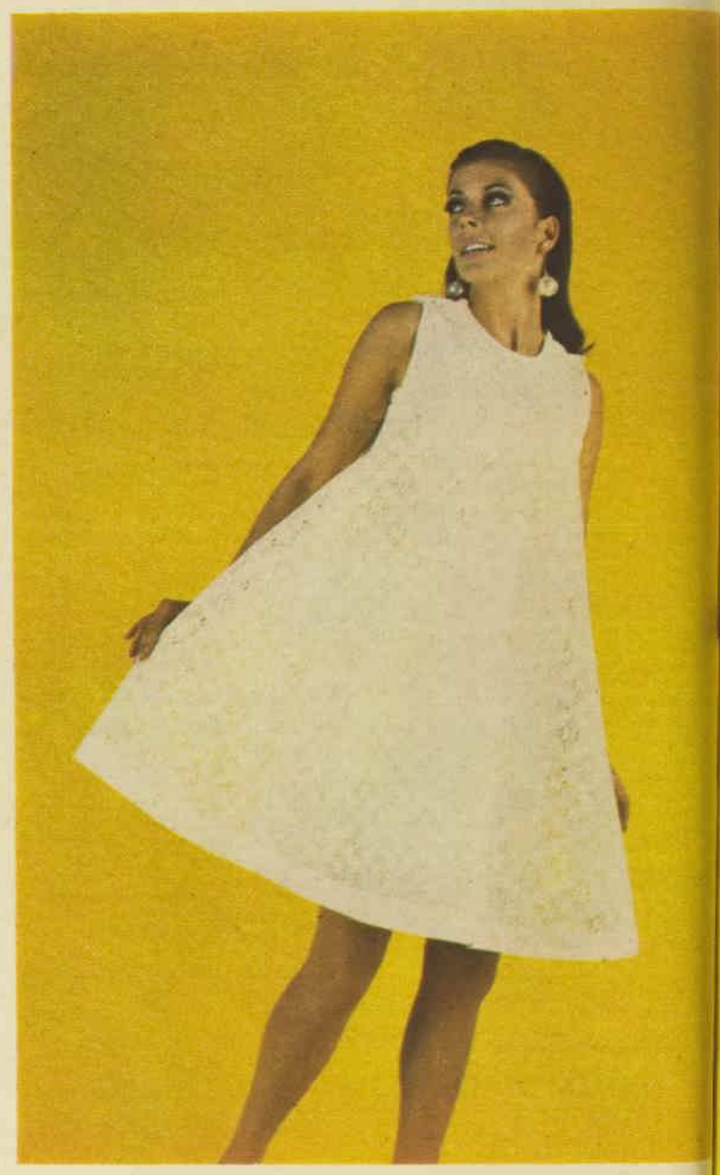
Momma's moral: "Education is a wonderful thing. If you couldn't sign your name, you'd have to pay cash."

READ TV TIMES FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMS

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972715

● *Coat-dress with matching scarf (left). Scarf has contrast trims. Color choice, navy with emerald trim, emerald with navy trim, red with navy trim, camel with navy trim. Sizes XSSW, SSW, SW, W, XSSW.*

● *Sleeveless lace tent dress (below) has a baby-doll yoke. Design is banded in white pique at collarless neckline and hem. Color choice, black, navy, beige. Sizes XSSW, SSW, SW, W, XSSW.*



● *Elegant evening dress in wool boucle (left) is fully lined. Design has Empire bodice, scoop neck, above-wrist sleeves. Color choice, plum, navy, black, brown. Sizes XSSW, SSW, SW, W, XSSW.*

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972716

HAPPY EVENT FASHIONS

—Designed to wear before and after

● Here are some of the best looks in maternity fashions; they incorporate the newest silhouettes and details for the autumn-winter season. Just as important as their style is the fact that they can be worn and look chic after the event. These fashions were designed in Australia and are available in leading stores in every State.

—BETTY KEEP

● *Op-art top in wool (above) has back zipper closing. Color choice, navy and white, black and white, and brown and white. Slacks in cavalry twill stretch. Color choice, navy, black, brown. Sizes XSSW, SSW, SW, XSW.*

● *Boucle wool after-five dress (left). Color choice, fuchsia, plum, black, navy, brown. Far left, velvet tent dress has cone sleeves. Color choice, claret, black, navy, brown, sapphire. Sizes XSSW, SSW, SW, W, XSW.*

● *Double-breasted jacket-coat (below) made in velour cloth. Color choice, red, emerald, navy, and camel. Pure wool tartan slacks. Color choice, black-watch tartan, brown-watch tartan. Sizes XSSW, SSW, SW, W, XSW.*

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A LONDON LUV STORY

She couldn't fix a proper cup of tea. She even beat him at darts.
But he loved her madly because of her

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The most impossibly beautiful eyes in the world.

Here's how you begin:
With YARDLEY'S ENGLISH EYELIGHTER
the fabulous new concealing cream that wipes away shadows and lines —instantly!
It's an eye revolution. An eye revelation. Because there's never been anything like English Eyelighter before. To hush tired circles and lines. To hide sleepless nights. To light up eyes like a million candles. How does it work? With one quick touch under eyes. And one quick touch under brows.

That's absolutely all, all, all. And you must have it. Now.
And with it get still other charming treats to wake up and widen your eyes. **Sigh Shadow,** Yardley's brush-on powders in low-key colours flutter on like a whisper and make your eyes look not once, but twice the size!

And brush on **London Lashes.** The newest lash builder. Really makes lashes measurably longer.
And finally the soft, but emphatic English Eyeline.
Okay, now, luv, snip out this page and hurry with it to your favourite store. Then show them exactly what you want. English Eyes. To make your own London Luv Story come true. O, my!

"Available at leading department stores and selected pharmacies throughout Australia."

From the new world of Yardley

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4972718

A ROAD leading to the Warburton Ranges Mission in Western Australia, photographed by Vincent Serventy.

AUSTRALIAN ALMANAC

● *A weekly series by Bill Beatty*

APRIL 9

1817 Lieutenant-Governor Sorell took over the administration of Van Diemen's Land. William Sorell was a lieutenant-colonel in the British Army until his retirement in 1813. (Three years before the appointment as administrator he'd had to pay $6000 damages in an action brought against him for eloping with a lieutenant's wife.)

He proved an excellent administrator in his seven years of office, successfully suppressing bushranging gangs, working for protection for the Aborigines, and greatly developing education. There was a marked expansion of trade and he established Tasmania's first bank. Unfortunately Sorell's private life was not without blemish, and the Home Office recalled him to England.

1865 Death of Sir Frederick Pottinger, who migrated to New South Wales in 1856, and in that year succeeded to his father's title. He joined the police force when it was waging its war against the bushrangers, and was appointed Inspector in charge of the Lachlan goldfield. He tried to capture Frank Gardiner and Ben Hall, but failed repeatedly, even though the bushrangers were in his neighborhood, and he was the subject of much ridicule. In 1865 he was recalled to Sydney to explain his failure. On the way his gun accidentally exploded and he died.

1889 Cable from Roebuck Bay to Batavia opened.

APRIL 10

1803 St. John's Church, Parramatta, N.S.W., opened. In 1852 the old building was pulled down, with the exception of the twin towers, and a new church was started. The twin towers were an inspiration of Mrs. Macquarie. When she sailed from England she looked back at her native land and saw that landmark for mariners, the church at Reculvers, in Kent. She vowed that she would cause two such towers to be erected in that strange southern land to which she was travelling. Thus the two sisters, whose drowning the towers of Reculvers Church commemorated, were again remembered in Parramatta.

1811 First toll bars in Australia opened. One toll bar was erected in George Street, Sydney, near the Haymarket, and the other in what is now Boundary Street, Parramatta. Both were opened by Governor Macquarie on the new turnpike road connecting Sydney and Parramatta.

Reporting the opening of the new road, the Governor described it as "a remarkably good one and proves a very material accommodation and benefit, both to the inhabitants of Sydney and Parramatta and to those of all the surrounding country, who were nearly secluded from all intercourse by the almost impossible state of the old road." He added: "The rate of toll established on the Parramatta Road has been on so moderate a scale that no murmur or complaint has ever been raised against it." The rates of toll ranged from 2d for each and every head of horned cattle and 3d for "every single horse," to 3/- for a four-wheeled carriage drawn by four horses.

APRIL 11

1864 The Melbourne Bowling Club—the oldest existing club in Australia—formed at Windsor by John Campbell.

1873 Death of Robert Towns, pioneer merchant. Towns arrived in Australia in 1833 and married a daughter of D'Arcy Wentworth. He became a trader in the South Seas and later bought station properties in Queensland. About 1860 he began cotton growing on a 2000-acre property, importing kanakas to do the cultivating and picking. Realising that a port was needed in North Queensland, he arranged for explorations to be made from his stations to search for a suitable site. Cleveland Bay was selected and a small settlement chosen, which was named Townsville in his honor. Towns died at his home, "Cranbrook," in Rose Bay, N.S.W. It was later the residence of the Governor, and still later a boys' school.

1875 The pearling schooner John Bell discovered the castaways of the ship St. Paul. Only 16 were left out of 350 — the rest had been eaten by cannibals. The St. Paul had been on a voyage from China to Australia carrying Chinese immigrants. Wrecked on the Great Barrier Reef, the captain and crew made off in the ship's boats, leaving all the Chinese and a young French cabin-boy, Pierre Pelletier, to their fate. The Chinese and the boy reached Cape York Peninsula, but fell into the hands of cannibal Aborigines. They treated the boy with great kindness and he lived with them until rescued 17 years later, but they regarded the Chinese as animals, slaughtering them when they required food. Pierre Pelletier later returned to France.

APRIL 12

1812 Birth of Sir George Grey, explorer, governor, statesman. Grey was the leader of an expedition to the North-Western coast of Australia, resulting in the discovery of the Glenelg River and district. He became friendly with the natives and made a careful study of their arts. He also acquired such an extensive knowledge of the native dialects that he was able to compile a volume on the subject. For a period he was Government Resident of the King George's Sound area, where he administered native affairs.

In 1841 he was invited to take over the administration of South Australia. In later years he was a statesman in New Zealand.

1922 Sir Ross Smith and Sergeant J. M. Bennett killed on a trial flight preparatory to making plans for a round-the-world flight.

APRIL 13

1841 The Port Phillip Turf Club held its first meeting. The Batman's Hill site was abandoned in favor of the Flemington course, which subsequently became Melbourne's main course. Racing history in Victoria dates from 1838, but it is probable that races of sorts were held even earlier. One of the odd conditions of early Victorian racing was that any horse imported from New South Wales or Tasmania, and which had won a race in these States, was to be penalised 7lb. extra.

APRIL 14

1801 The first proclamation in the Sydney "Gazette" concerning the man condemned to death but reprieved because of rain. It ordered that "the regiment be under arms on Monday next, 19th inst., at half-past nine in the morning, to attend the execution of John Boatswain, a private soldier in the New South Wales Corps, sentenced to death by a general court martial for desertion . . ."

A later issue states: "The execution of the prisoner as directed by the orders of the 14th April is deferred until further orders on account of the inclemency of the weather . . ." An issue dated April 20, 1801, states: "Still raining in torrents. Execution further deferred . . ." Finally, a proclamation was issued on April 25, reading "Favorable circumstances having been reported, the Governor of the settlement is pleased to extend a reprieve and grant a free pardon to the prisoner, John Boatswain, sentenced to death for the crime of desertion."

1852 Birth of Sir John Quick, politician and author.

1862 Explorer McDouall Stuart reached Newcastle Waters on his final transcontinental expedition.

APRIL 15

1800 Arrival of botanist-explorer George Cayley in Sydney. Sir Joseph Banks chose Cayley to be a botanical collector in New South Wales, and procured him a free passage. The Government provided him with rations and a house at Parramatta, where a botanical garden was established.

In 1801, Cayley went to Westernport, in Bass Strait, to collect plants, and he made several excursions to the foot of the Blue Mountains. He also explored unknown areas of the Hawkesbury River, Kurrajong, Picton, and Mulgoa, ever searching for botanical specimens. When he returned to England in 1810 he took with him (much to Sir Jospeh Banks' subsequent embarrassment) an Aboriginal warrior.

1873 Major Peter Warburton left Alice Springs and travelled westward in search of new pastoral areas. Peter Warburton was appointed Commissioner of Police in South Australia and made several pioneer journeys into the interior of the colony. He claimed to be the discoverer of Lake Eyre and to have determined the size and shape of Lake Torrens.

During his 1873 expedition Warburton wrote, "If we press on we risk losing our camels and dying of thirst. If we stand still, we shall starve." He was in a forbidding desert and Perth was out of the question, so he changed plans and headed for the Oakover River, which he reached in the last stages of exhaustion. Two members of his party had been sent in advance to bring help—and they were successful. Two ranges, one in Western Australia and the other in South Australia, and a river in South Australia are named after Warburton.

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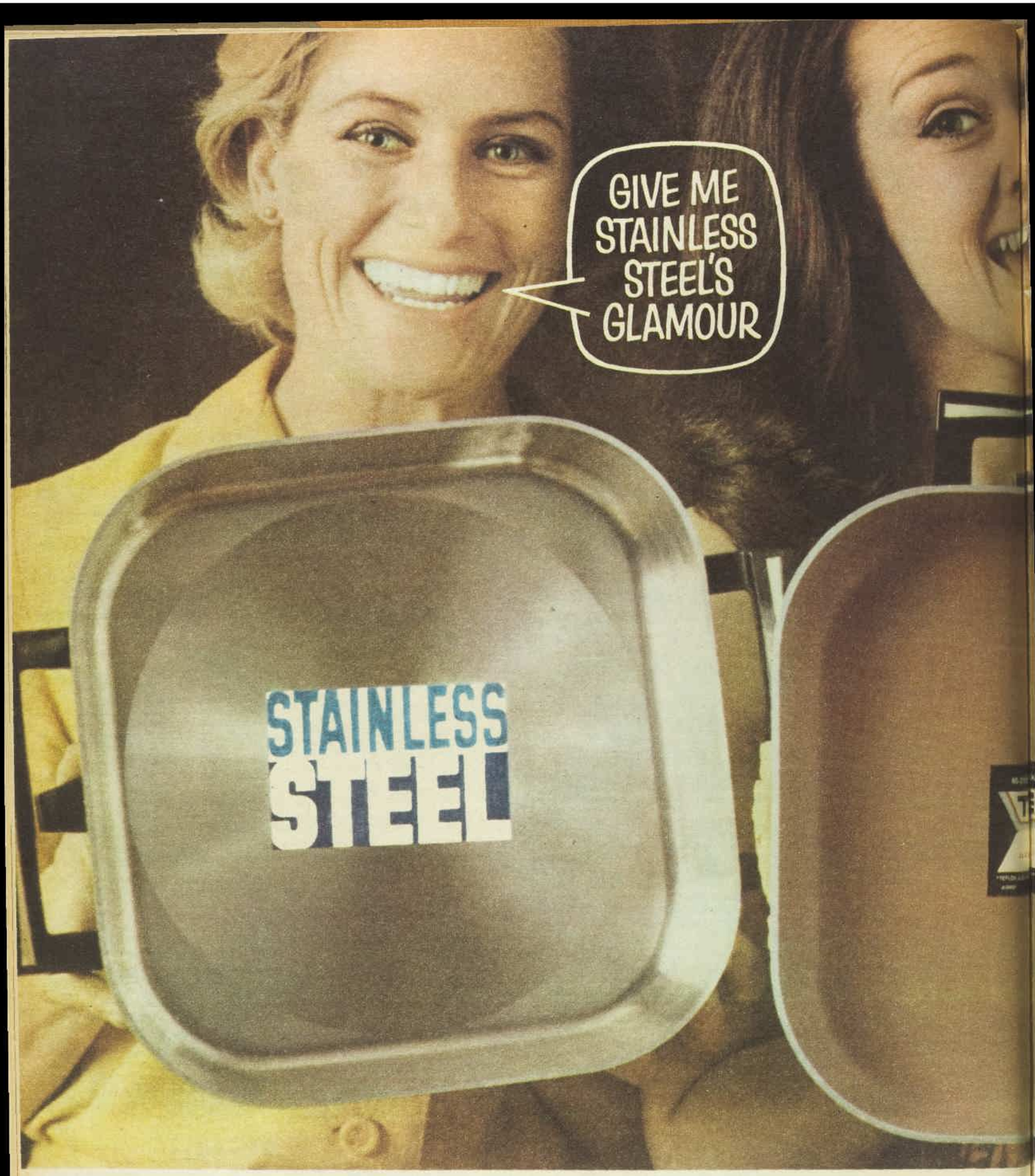

Which girl is smartest?

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Compare your old frypan with these three; you'll find some big changes.

For instance, imagine how much better that stainless steel finish would look in your kitchen. And how it would keep on looking better even after years of use.

Or imagine how much easier to clean Sunbeam's Teflon*-coated model would be. Just wipe, rinse and it's clean.

Or imagine how much easier to handle they'd be. (All three are 25% lighter than before.)

But which girl do *you* think made the wisest choice? Have you decided?

Well, they *all* made the best choice for their own particular needs and tastes.

Sunbeam knows everyone is different; different problems, different personalities, different requirements. And that's why Sunbeam gives such a large choice.

And it doesn't really matter which one you choose. They're all good. They're all Sunbeam.

** Trademark for Dupont's TFE Teflon non-stick finish.*

Sunbeam

THE FRYPAN PEOPLE

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The Navy saluted goodbye to a brave old flag, and the band played "Auld Lang Syne"

By LEONIE NEWBERRY

● Pride intermingled with sadness at the passing of an era showed on the faces of members of the Royal Australian Navy at the ceremonial raising of the new Australian White Ensign last month.

UNTIL then, Australia's warships and shore stations had flown the same White Ensign as the Royal Navy.

At Australia's largest shore station, HMAS Cerberus, in Victoria, 1700 seamen and WRANS took part in the ceremony, one of the many simultaneous services held on ships and shore establishments.

Former naval men and other visitors watched the ceremony.

After the brief service of consecration conducted by RAN chaplains, the new Australian White Ensign was hoisted, and seconds later, to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne" played by the band of HMAS Cerberus, the old flag fluttered proudly for the last time in Australia as it was lowered from the masthead and ceremoniously slow-marched off the parade ground.

The White Ensign has been flown by ships of the Royal Australian Navy since 1911, two years after the Navy was founded.

(In those two years the handful of home-based Australian warships flew the Australian national flag.)

The Royal Navy's ensign was chosen to foster the feeling of union between the Dominion naval forces and the Royal Navy.

The new Australian White Ensign preserves two features of the British White Ensign—the Union Flag in the upper canton at the hoist and the white background. In place of the St. George's Cross, the blue Australian stars denote an Australian Ensign.

The White Ensign dates back to 1625, when the English Navy found it necessary to distinguish, for tactical reasons, the centre, van, and rear squadrons of its battle fleets. Accordingly, the ships serving in each squadron flew an ensign—either red, white, or blue.

All were similar in basic design, having a plain field with a small red St. George's Cross in the upper canton near the hoist.

However, in 1702 it was found that the white ensign was confused with the French national colors, which at the time also had a white field, and with the Flag of Dunkirk, which, in fact, was identical with the white ensign.

To overcome this a large red St. George's Cross was added to the white ensign to avoid confusion. As the other countries of the British Isles came into union with England, so their crosses were added to the small St. George's Cross until the Union Flag in its present form evolved.

As there was confusion with squadrons, so there was confusion with Admirals, who were appointed Rear-Admiral, Vice-Admiral, or Admiral of the Red, the White, or the Blue. The individual ships of the Admiral's Squadron or division wore a colored ensign of the same color as the Admiral's.

Ships of independent service wore the red, which was the senior ensign.

As time went on the need to distinguish the squadrons disappeared and the complication of the various units in one fleet wearing different ensigns became a hindrance.

Moreover, the French Revolution brought a change in the French flag — the tricolor — and this was sometimes confused in the smoke of battle with both the red and blue ensigns.

It then became the practice for the Commander to order only one ensign to be worn, and the white was normally selected.

Thus at the Battle of the Nile in 1798 the British ships wore White Ensigns, although Lord Nelson was in fact Rear-Admiral of the Blue.

(At the Battle of Trafalgar, Lord Nelson was Vice-Admiral of the White, and all ships wore the White Ensign, even those in Lord Collingwood's squadron, which would normally have worn the Blue Ensign.)

Just over a century ago, in 1864, it was decided that the three ensigns were unnecessary, and the white was selected for the exclusive use of the Royal Navy.

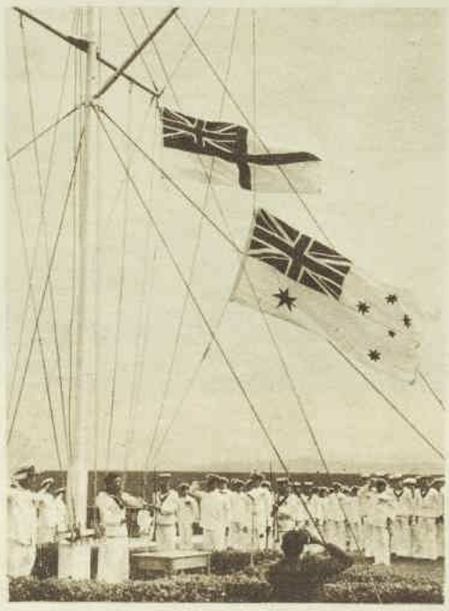
The Blue Ensign was allocated for use by merchant ships commanded by officers of the Naval Reserve, and the Red Ensign for other British merchant ships.

Now the old White Ensign has gone from the Australian Navy. Most members of the service are proud that the Navy has its own ensign, even though they are a little sad at the loss.

Lieut.-Commander D. N. Rodgers, a public-relations officer with the Navy, summed up the attitude of the majority: "While I'm reasonably sentimental about the old White Ensign, I feel it is a good thing for us to be under our own distinctive flag.

"This is particularly important in the East, where many navies wear an ensign basically the same as the White Ensign, only with the country's national flag in the upper canton near the hoist in place of the Union Flag."

HMAS WATSON



IN SYDNEY this was the scene at HMAS Watson when the new Australian White Ensign rose to the masthead.

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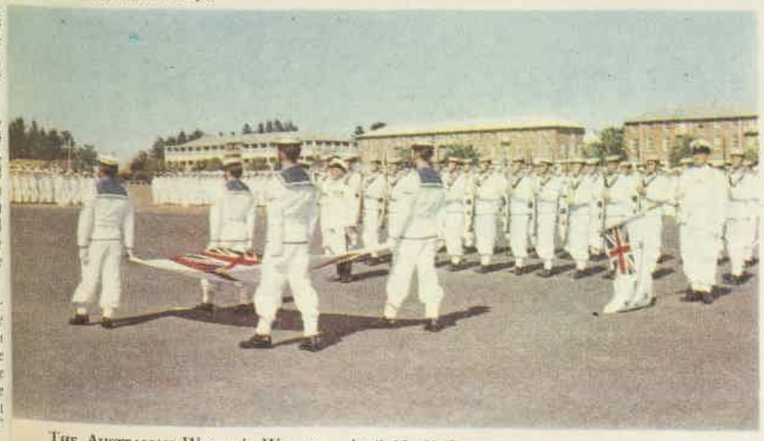
ABOVE: The White Ensign is lowered from the mainmast at HMAS Cerberus, the RAN shore establishment in Victoria, by Communications Yeoman J. Houston and Leading Tactical Operator R. Jocumsen. Hoisting the new Australian White Ensign are Communications Yeoman G. Miller and Leading Tactical Operator A. King.

RIGHT: Earlier, Color Chief Petty Officer R. B. Skennerton knelt with the new flag for the consecration service.

BELOW: Finally the old White Ensign is slow - marched off the parade ground.

Pictures by Michael Coyne



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GAS SPACE HEATER

New World Royal Super 6 – Built-in – really turns on the style.

For Jet-set style and streamlining, now you can have New World Royal Super 6 completely recessed. Fully built-in. Absolutely flush with any wall or fireplace. The latest in efficient space heaters. The last word in slim modern styling.

And New World Royal Super 6 – Built-in – really turns on the heat.

Surging radiant and convected heat. Immediate yet controlled heat. The clean, easy-to-operate, modern heat of High Speed Gas. Royal Super 6 quickly heats your main living room to comfort level, with heat to spare to circulate cosy warmth into 5 squares of kitchen and hall and dining recess.

New World Royal Super 6, the *Super* Space Heater. Here's why!

- Immediate control from one switch — seven main settings (any number in-between).
- Instant radiant *and* convected heat.
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- Turbo fan boosts heat into the far corners of the room and well beyond.
- New aerated gas burner saves again on the gas bill; but gives more heat.
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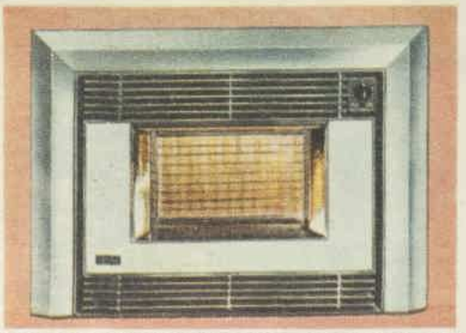
- New World Royal Super 6 puts you on a cheaper gas tariff.



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Berlei Fancy Free streamlining– for the woman who wears the pants!

Women haven't changed. Fashions have. Fashion puts you in pants. So, one-upping the sleekest pants story, Berlei puts you in Fancy Free. A smooth sculpture of weightless Lycra cunningly seamed and panelled to shape and flatter you under your pants suit.

Fancy Free flattens your tummy. The contoured back is designed with intrigue to lift and shape you—naturally. Panels of power over hips and thighs etch out one long, smooth line.

FANCY FREE runs the gamut of leg lengths with detachable, non-bulk concealed suspenders. Available also as a *girdle* in waistline or hi-waist styling for smooth shaping under your skirt suits.

Try on a FANCY FREE pantie girdle today and look devastating in your new pants suit.

586 Berlei FANCY FREE pantie girdle with 6" leg, shown here in skintone, also available in white, black. $12.50.

Lilac wool twill pants suit with ruffled blouse by Norma Tullo.

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ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

DIVIDENDS

By SEAN O'FAOLAIN

Aunty Anna firmly refused to be convinced she was wrong

AS far as Mel Meldrum was concerned, *l'affaire Anna*, as he was to call it, began one wet and windy April morning in 1949, when his chief clerk, Mooney, knocked at the door of his sanctum, handed him my letter, marked "Personal" and "By Hand," and said that the bearer was an old lady in a black bonnet sitting in the outer office "shaking her blooming umbrella all over your new Turkish carpet."

I could see Mel glancing at my signature, smiling at his memories of our college days together twenty-five years before, rapidly taking the point of the letter and ordering Miss Whelan to be shown in to him at once. He would rise courteously, beg her to be seated, and watch amusedly while she fumbled in her woven shopping bag and produced a fat, wrinkled envelope containing the £350 in thirty-five white Bank of England notes.

I could imagine his taking it from her with a small smile and bow. It was why I sent her to him: I had remembered that he was always affable, almost unctuous, with old ladies. My Aunty Anna Maria was my mother's sister. Until she got this small legacy from another sister who had recently died, she had never before possessed such a sum of money.

She had existed for thirty-odd years on a modest salary as cook-housekeeper to a highly successful horse-trainer in County Kildare; and then on the small pension he kindly gave her, supplemented occasionally by minute subvention from a nephew here and a niece there, whenever we had the decency to remember how she used to stuff us with cakes and lemonade during our summer holidays on the edge of the Curragh, where we loved to visit her in the staff quarters of the trainer's house.

My father died in Cork, so she came down there when she was about fifty-five, to live with my mother, and when my mother died she stayed on alone, living in a single room in a battered old fabric of a tenement overlooking one of Cork's many abandoned quaysides — silent except for the poor kids from the lanes around, playing and screaming in the street, or the gulls swooping over the bits of floating orange skin, or bread crusts, or potato peelings backing slowly upriver on the high tide.

When Mel saw her she had turned seventy. To

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Day Long

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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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Beautify Your Hair

YOUR hair will reflect a new loveliness and lustre — the delightful translucent glow you see when looking into the depths of amber or precious stones. It is clearer, cleaner and more radiant when beautified with the modern "Peek-In" glow shampoo by Delph.

LETTER BOX

● We pay $2 for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

Making zoos happier

ZOOS are intriguing places for both children and adults. Every major city should have one. No, I do not believe that wild animals should be captured and put behind bars. It is now possible to breed many species in captivity. Surely these animals won't fret for what they have never known? Given adequate space and food, they should stand a better chance of a long happy life than their wild brothers. Do other readers agree?

$2 to Mrs. V. J. Halliday, Cunnamulla, Qld.

Be reasonable — do it his way

BEFORE they started school, my two youngest children used to enjoy bringing in the bread when the baker called. One day I heard my three-year-old daughter coming in from the front, crying in great distress, while my four-year-old son walked beside her carrying the bread. His comment was, "We both wanted to get the bread, so I decided to carry it to save any fights."

$2 to Mrs. M. A. Saunders, Waratah West, N.S.W.

Tolerance can be conformity

MOST of us become more tolerant as we grow older. But we must be on our guard that tolerance does not become indifference or apathy, when we shrug our shoulders over human weakness or mistakes and say, "You can't change human nature." Sometimes tolerance is only a thin disguise for conformity, laziness, or a desire for popularity.

$2 to Mrs. J. Vivian, St. Ives, N.S.W.

Unco-operative goat

READING the letter about the horse with the white wedding rug, I remembered my own experience as one of two trainbearers in 1898, several days before I turned three. We two tiny tots travelled to the church in a goat-carriage drawn by two goats wearing silver-plated harness and driven by the bride's two young brothers. Our frocks were floor-length and of white silk, and we carried white shepherds' crooks entwined with white flowers. The Governor of Victoria, Lord Brassey, a relative of the bride, was a guest at the wedding. When a photographer tried to take a photograph of our unusual conveyance, one of the goats persisted in lying down.

$2 to Mrs. S. M. Vawser, Victor Harbor, S.A.

● ***Dorothy Drain is on holidays. She will resume her verses on her return.***

They both spent their inheritances

MY sister and I revealed the other day that we had each left the other a small bequest. After discussing this, we decided to buy each other something now. We have had great fun doing the shops to find something suitable that we can both look at and enjoy while we are alive.

$2 to "Val" (name supplied), Carnegie, Vic.

CHILDREN'S QUESTIONS

THE only answer to give any child, Mrs. Magers, is the truth—even if it is "I don't know." Don't be embarrassed about it, your child won't condemn your ignorance. But two things she won't forgive—a lie and disinterest. "But let's find out" can begin many an interesting session.

$2 to Mrs. B. Roberts, Seaton, S.A.

★ ★ ★

MY mother usually quietened me by replying, "It's a wigwam for a goose's bridle." It's an old saying and I'd like to know its origin. You see, I'm still asking questions!

$2 to "Treacle Nose" (name supplied), Kilsyth, Vic.

★ ★ ★

PERHAPS sensible answers that the child can understand are the best. We heard our four-year-old son explain to visitors grouped around our goatyard, "We've got mothers here, and they're very good because they keep the baby goats inside their tummies so the wind and rain and the bad dingoes won't get them. My mummy told me."

$2 to "Educating Visitors" (name supplied), Karumba, Qld.

★ ★ ★

THEORETICALLY, it may be best to answer children's questions factually and honestly. But the tale I most love to remember of those my mother used to spin to answer my childish questions is her explanation of thunder. She said it was the good angels fighting with the bad angels to decide whether it was going to rain or not.

$2 to Mrs. R. Pooley, Plympton, S.A.

★ ★ ★

TO answer our small son's questions we bought three 50-cent books from a chain-store. One was about the human body, one about animals, reptiles, and insects, and the other about the universe. We also bought a large world map, and when our son asks about a place we show it to him, telling him about the country and its people.

$2 to Mrs. June Wootton, Goulburn, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

I THOUGHT I was pretty good at answering questions put to me by my five-year-old daughter, but these two had me stumped: "How can I see things so big when my eyes are so little?" and "When I lift Susie up and she lifts me up, why don't we both go up?" Without explaining light refraction and the fact that every action causes an equal and opposite reaction, it's not easy!

$2 to Mrs. Cynthia O'Gorman, Ashgrove, Qld.

Ross Campbell writes...

EXCUSE MY DUST

WHAT a fuss people used to make about dusting.

I have been reading that famous old book Mrs. Beeton's "Household Management." The households Mrs. Beeton managed had housemaids, and the housemaids had to dust like mad.

They started before breakfast.

After blackleading the grate and lighting the fire, "the housemaid then proceeds with her dusting," says Mrs. B. "It is not enough in cleaning furniture to pass lightly over the surface. The rims and legs of tables and backs and legs of chairs should be rubbed vigorously daily."

I should speak to my wife about that. This morning I noticed some dust on the legs of a chair. I suspect she is not rubbing them vigorously daily.

But she would probably make some rather snappish reply.

After getting the family breakfast, Mrs. Beeton's housemaid went on vigorously dusting banisters, window-sills, etc.

The high spot of her day was doing the master bedroom: "She should begin dusting high up with curtain poles, windows, and pictures, then the furniture and ornaments, and lastly the skirting-board."

If the housemaid was good at it, she had a chance of being promoted to the rank of upper housemaid.

Mrs. B. says: "The best upper housemaids are those who have risen to the post." Those who got the job by influence did not know enough about dusting.

Today, most people, I think, are more tolerant of dust. We have learned to live with it.

On the floor, the vacuum-cleaner and carpet-sweeper are helpful. Though I must say our old-model carpet-sweeper is less than satisfactory of late. After it has picked up a bit of cotton, it puts it down again three feet away.

"I've carpet-sweeped our room," my daughter, six, claimed in a virtuous tone. But the result would not have got a pass from Mrs. Beeton.

Above the floor level, on curtain rods, windows, etc., vigorous daily rubbing is not common nowadays.

Many women prefer a spasmodic attack with the duster at long intervals.

This is not an effective substitute. If the dust gets thick enough to write your name in legibly, the duster just sends it up into the air. It settles again not far from where it started.

Let's face it, household management has slumped since Mrs. Beeton's day. The housemaids have gone; the dust has come. It's as simple as that.

And the change is not altogether for the bad. Those old-time housemaids didn't have much fun.

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–circles of spaghetti even the small fry can handle!

Kia-ora SpaghettiOs are so easy to spoon up! Small circles of firm spaghetti, in their own scrumptious tomato and cheese sauce. And now new SpaghettiOs with Sliced Franks — deliciously different. They're still easy eating for even the littlest kids. So treat them soon to SpaghettiOs. With or without sliced franks. Either way, the kids love 'em!

AND NOW! SpaghettiOs with tender little slices of all meat franks!

Y150

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LEAP
LEAP
BOUNCE
BOUNCE
BOUND
BOUND
RACE
RACE
RUN
RUN
JUMP
JUMP
FOR
JOY

No more monthly blues! You'd never suspect this wasn't a run-of-the-mill, ordinary, active day. This girl uses Tampax menstrual tampons.

So this day will be like any other day for her. Active. Carefree. And unhampered.

She'll do anything she likes. Run through a field leaping over streams. Pace a horse through the woods. Even go out twisting until dawn.

And she'll wear the same clothes she always does. Long, slim pants. Hip-hugging jeans. Or a shocking pink sheath.

Yes, this girl uses Tampax tampons. And it has made this day no different from the rest.

TAMPAX
Tampons
SANITARY PROTECTION WORN INTERNALLY

If you'd like a sample (in plain wrapper) send name, address and 6c in stamps to The Nurse, Dept. A, World Agencies Pty. Ltd., Box 3725, G.P.O., Sydney.

Advertisement

Lemons for Beauty

TO keep your skin clear and fair you need the natural cleansing and bleaching tonic of lemons. Ask your chemist for a bottle of lemon Delph, the latest type skin freshener used by beautiful women throughout the world. Lemon Delph makes the complexion, neck and shoulders fair and lovely as it melts out plugged pores, closes them to a beautifully fine texture. Lemon Delph freshener is excellent for a quick cleanse or to quell a greasy nose. A little brushed on the hair after your shampoo will give it the glamour of sparkling diamonds. This is a luxury skin freshener, cleanser and tonic.

HOW TO

● "You can be as rich—or as poor—as you want to be," writes W. R. Gresham in his forthcoming book "Nothing Is Impossible." He explains how by believing in and following the rules you, too, can make money.

By W. R. GRESHAM, author of "How Top Salesmen Sell in Australia" and "Speak Up With Confidence."

BEING as rich, or as poor, as you want to be is a matter of following the rules, though, unfortunately, these rules are not taught in the schools.

Yet the rules are no secret and they are, in fact, easier to follow than the rules which lead to failure.

It is incredible that many people work harder at being failures than at achieving success. It is incredible, but true. To be a failure means that you think negative and destructive thoughts, and this really piles on the agony.

You can be as rich as you want to be financially, morally, spiritually, physically, or you can be rich in accomplishment, love, honor, prestige, or enthusiasm. The fact is you can be as rich as you want to be, in the way you want to be, if you believe it is possible and if you believe you can do it. The condition is that you must believe and apply the rules and choose to be rich.

How RICH do you want to be?

If you want to be rich in money, you first accept the fact that you cannot own money, you can only be a trustee of money. If you try to own money, it will end by owning you, and money can be a very hard master.

The best attitude to wealth is to say: "It's only money." While you have this attitude, money can't hurt you, and you, like multi-millionaire W. Clement Stone, will attract money for the good it can do.

The "It's only money" attitude is not difficult to adopt in days when the more money you earn the greater the amount payable in taxation. When you die you can't take it with you. Only a very small part of all you earn is yours to keep. But the more tax you pay the greater your financial assistance to brother man.

Understand that riches will vary with all people. One will want to be a financial millionaire and, if he applies the rules, he will be. Another will want to get a knighthood, and if that is what he wants, he will be knighted. Another will want a yacht to sail round the world — and he will get his yacht if he applies the rules. *You can be as rich as you want to be.*

How two women made a fortune

This is a true story, except that I have changed the names to the Misses Cooper.

Before World War I, the Misses Cooper owned a small corner shop opposite a large State school. In the shop they offered a general line of groceries, operated a tuckshop for the schoolchildren, and sold school requisites such as notebooks, pencils, and writing pads.

They had a comfortable business.

Shortly after the war ended, they found business falling off alarmingly. If ever you want a truthful answer, ask children, and this is exactly what the Misses Cooper did. They would say to the children, "Why don't you buy your notebooks here any more?" And the children would reply, "Oh, we can buy them cheaper at Woolworths."

The Misses Cooper went round to Woolworths and it was true. The children could buy their supplies cheaper there and their parents could buy cheaper also.

The two talked over the new situation and one Miss Cooper said to the other, "We must be flexible in our thinking." The second said, "We must adapt to changed circumstances in this post-war world."

Then the first Miss Cooper said, "This idea of Woolworths cheerfully refunding money if not satisfied is a wonderful one." Then said the second Miss Cooper, "If we can't beat them, we'll join them."

That's just what the Misses Cooper did. They sold their business and put their life savings into Woolworths shares and Woolworths grew and grew until in 1966 they had nearly 900 stores and their sales had climbed to a record of $314 million and they were listed as Australia's top retailer. The two Misses Cooper, by now, were very large shareholders and had made a fortune.

It is stressing the obvious, but had the Misses Cooper buried their heads in the sand and tried to hold what they had they would have finished up on the pension. The Misses Cooper had a positive attitude to their problem. They acted after thinking the matter out and they acted wisely and well.

The rule learnt from the Misses Cooper is to be flexible in one's thinking and to adapt to change; also that one must have capital available when opportunity knocks. Now I come to the hardest part on the road to financial riches.

James J. Hill, who died leaving an estate of more than $24 million, said: "If you want to know whether you are destined to be a success or a failure in life, you can easily find out. The test is simple and infallible: Are you able to save money? If not, drop out. You will lose. You may think not, but you will lose. The seed of success is not in you."

If you read that quotation without a quiver of guilt, you are already on your way to financial success.

How much do you save every year?

If you have not developed the habit of saving a part of what you earn each year, and you want to be rich, then you must begin the saving habit, starting NOW. The habit of unbudgeted spending is a sure road to financial ruin.

A part of all you earn is yours to keep, but to achieve this goal you must exercise control of your spending. A good rule is to save at least ten percent of your income.

Have a money-management system that tells you where your money goes and where it can be expected to go for the coming 12 months. Every successful business operates on this basis, so why not apply the same principles to your personal money matters?

George S. Clason comments: "A lean purse is easier to cure than endure." You can cure your lean purse by budgeting income and expenditure.

Get on to a cash basis as soon as possible. You will be surprised how much discount you can receive when you pay cash, and interest charges and other down-the-drain expenses are eliminated.

Invest a part of your savings in real estate or shares in growth companies so that you will have a nest-egg that can grow in value.

Buy life assurance early. Use it to give maximum protection to your family and later you will be able to borrow against your policy for the purchase of your home or to make investments.

As you start to save, your financial position improves immediately, and your regular savings bank interest gives you an income apart from your job and puts you in a higher income-tax bracket. Your money has started to multiply.

You are now on the success beam. A steady growth in your bank account is a perceptible indication of your progress. It gives you confidence in the knowledge that when your big opportunity comes, as it surely will, you are financially ready to welcome it.

While money is always available for a good project, financiers are not attracted to help you unless you can produce some evidence of self-help — the best evidence being that you are prepared to put your hard-earned money into your project.

It is not difficult, although it requires sacrifice, to build up an investment of $50,000 or even $100,000 in Australia, but when you have achieved one of these targets you then have a regular annual EXTRA income of $2500 or $5000 at a safe and modest five percent.

The starting point is to decide the amount of extra income you desire.

If the amount is $5000 per year, you will require a capital of $100,000. To obtain this capital you limit your immediate appetite for things and economise so that you will have at least 10 percent of your income for savings. You will be surprised how quickly your money will grow from reinvested interest, bonus issues on shares, and windfalls. The windfalls come because you have started to attract Lady Luck to your side, and the more you save, the luckier you will become.

Many people are indecisive, frustrated, and discouraged because they have no definite purpose or aim. Why not make it your definite financial aim to build up an investment of $100,000?

Aim for long-term investment

But contrary to the usual advice of putting all your eggs in one basket, and then keeping an eye on the basket, I suggest that you spread your investment over a number of companies. Certain companies will be successful, some will make little headway, and some may even fail. If you spread your investment, the law of averages will work for you and give you a guaranteed interest return.

Do not gamble on the Stock Exchange. You will not make a fortune this way. You may make a temporary gain, but in the end you will lose.

Long - term investment, however, is a definite service you can perform in the community as a result of your habit of thrift. Companies need capital to expand, and if you can supply part of that capital, you build and grow with the company.

If you invest in a development company, you may receive only a small return during the initial years of development, but when the company is firmly established and in full production your return will be greater. Money is a tool of industry.

There are men and women employed by public companies who have not invested in shares in the business they are helping to build. Should you be one of these, make an immediate resolve to buy even as little as 100 shares in the company which employs you.

As a part-owner of the firm you work for, your interest in your job will grow, and you will increase your personal productivity and the productivity of those you work with. Only increased productivity can increase personal or national wealth.

Earn more money

The amount of compensation you receive depends on the amount of service you render, therefore it follows that to earn more you must do more.

The man who will tackle the hard job is paid more than the man who does an easy job; the more responsibility he accepts for the profitability of the operation that concerns all, the more money he will earn.

The amount of money in your pay packet each week is in direct proportion to the service you render and the mental attitude in which you render it. The last is important. No one was ever promoted because he had a bad disposition.

To earn more so that you can save more, you need to know more.

Tony Oxford was a truck driver. He listened to words like "profitability" and "productivity" and wondered how they applied to his job of delivering goods to retail stores. It was only a short step from there to enrolment for a home-study course in foremanship.

Tony enjoyed the study and when a supervisory

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MAKE MONEY

Five how-to-make-money rules by Bernard M. Baruch, an American millionaire before he was 25:

- **Make up your mind to this: It's possible. You can make money.**
- **To make money, you have to work at it — awake or asleep.**
- **Find the field where you have a Master Talent and which will give you joy in your work.**
- **Never be disheartened: learn from the mistakes you and others make, then go forward.**
- **Have a high aim, be creative, think big, follow your dream with action, see your dream coming true, stay with it until you succeed.**

position opened up in his business there was no question as to who should be promoted.

As supervisor, Tony became interested in the financial operation of the business and he again enrolled, this time for accountancy studies. Using only spare time for his lessons, Tony passed the examination requirements for the Accountancy Institute.

Tony used time for his studies that he might otherwise have frittered away on undirected and unprofitable reading. The result today is that he is general manager of the business where he started as a truck driver. His annual income is ten times his former income from the company and he has a private income from investments.

E. A. Watts, of Melbourne, left school at 14 to go into the building business. He studied with International Correspondence Schools and obtained his diploma. With a capital of only $8000, he went into business for himself.

Today, E. A. Watts is one of Australia's largest builders. His company built the Reserve Bank in Sydney, the Roselands Shopping Centre, Sydney, the National Mutual building in Melbourne, the Chadstone Shopping Centre, Melbourne.

A newspaper commenting on E. A. Watts said, "He has changed the skyline of Melbourne." Mr. Watts knew that he could get his best education on the job and by studying at night. Today he is very comfortably off.

If you want more money, qualify to earn more money. The *extra* money you earn can be set aside to work for you, to make you rich, and to promote national development.

Make your hobbies profitable

Most people have hobbies. Some hobbies cost money, others make money. A friend who owns a yacht told me that his boat keeps him poor. Because of this, he has to work long hours and has no time to take the vessel out.

I have another friend whose daily work is selling, but his hobby is renovating old houses in his spare time. He buys old houses and enjoys his weekends doing carpentry, bricklaying, painting, and gardening. His hobby is worth $2000 a year to him and has enabled him to provide his wife with a $35,000 home and a Mercedes-Benz for a shopping buggy.

Because of his interest and initiative, many sub-contractors are in constant employment. My friend plans to retire at 50 and then, between overseas trips, he will design and build one house each year.

It is important to realise that my friend knows what he is doing, because he has really studied his hobby. He takes it seriously. He is a competent draughtsman, an astute estimator, and he understands and knows building law and regulations. These facts need to be mentioned because well-intentioned amateurs without knowledge could go broke very fast if they tried to follow in his footsteps.

The idea is to select a hobby that will not be a drain on your finances, but rather one which will enable you to profit from your spare time. Then learn all you can about your hobby and develop it.

Find Master Talent

Most people can be experts in something; the secret lies in enthusiasm and close attention to detail.

Examine the hobbies you have had since childhood and you will find in one of these activities a clue to your Master Talent.

Everyone has a Master Talent revealed by what he does in his spare time. If your Master Talent is sleeping, then maybe you can get a job as a mattress demonstrator in a shop window! Seriously, however, if you sleep on the job you accept this as part of your compensation, but it is a part you will be unable to invest.

The time to earn more money is between 20 and 55. In those years you need maximum income to buy a home, marry, raise and educate your children, and provide for your future. There is no real problem in earning a living today, but why not aim higher and enjoy the plus benefits of your labors?

Have a plan for the management of your leisure time. Learn the rules of money-making by studying the financial newspapers and then make the best use of the rules you learn. Don't buy on impulse, avoid debt, increase your income, and save a part of all you earn.

Invest carefully and avoid speculation. Be practical. Ask the advice of your bank manager, accountant, stockbroker, real estate agent, and wealthy friends. Use common sense. Don't gamble on lotteries and horse-racing. In fact, don't gamble at all.

Avoid risks — surest way to wealth

The young man in a hurry will look for big profits and frequently in doing so loses his nest-egg. Money is a reward and the profitable use of your surplus involves knowledge, judgment, and watchfulness.

Money, for most people, means security for themselves and those dependent on them. Thus it is good judgment not to be in a hurry to become rich.

Later when you are wealthy you may invest in speculative ventures, but when you do be prepared to say goodbye to the money, and be pleasantly surprised if the speculation pays off. I do not advise against speculation, but suggest you wait until you can afford the risks involved.

When you buy speculative shares, you are acting as insurer instead of investor. Say, for example, a safe rate of interest is 5 percent and you are offered stock to yield 15 percent. Now this dividend could, but not always, be made up of two items—standard rate of income 5 percent, insurance premium for taking risk 10 percent; total 15 percent.

However, your broker will advise you if there is any risk in the investment you plan. He will tell you the assets backing each share.

The Stock Exchange is an open market where the highest bidder and the lowest seller meet. Competition ensures that the prices you get for your shares or the prices you pay are the true prices at the time. The buyer and seller meet by proxy and the proxies are the stockbrokers. To engage a broker it is necessary only to look in the telephone directory or ask your bank manager to recommend a firm.

Call on the broker you select and have a frank discussion with him on your financial position. Even if you have as little to invest as $200, the broker will welcome you. You will find, however, that brokers are cautious and you will be asked if you have first arranged adequate life insurance and if your bank account is equal to at least six months' earnings.

If the broker accepts you as a client, your future financial welfare will become important to him. He will require to know if your program is to invest for the future or if you are a short-term investor who wants to accumulate money for a specific purpose, such as building a house. The broker will help you to get your finances into focus and will probably recommend investments that give you both income and capital gain.

The broker will arm you against the danger of putting your money where it is likely to be lost. It is his job, as part of the technique of wise investment, to protect your money.

Suppose, for example, you have invested in 1000 BHP 20/- shares on June 1, 1956. At that time the market price was 41/6 ($4.15), making a total cost, including brokerage, of £2100 ($4200), not a large amount of money. (I knew a boy who made that much money in a year working after school and on Saturdays. I'll tell you his story later in this article.)

Apply the rules

The strong rise in steel consumption in Australia has provided the basis for an impressive record of earnings by the BHP group in the decade between 1956 and 1966. You would have earned a 288 percent increase in the market value of your investment.

Since 1956, issues to shareholders have been:—

1956-57, a one-for-five issue at par.

1957-58, a two-for-nine bonus issue followed by a one-for-five issue at par.

1959-60, a one-for-five issue at par.

1960-61, a one-for-two bonus issue.

1961-62, a one-for-six issue at par.

1965-66, a one-for-seven issue at par.

The market value of your 1956 investment of $4200 would, in 1967, be worth $19,390; that is a 288 percent increase in the market value of your original investment, plus the cash paid for the new share issues over the ten years.

As a BHP shareholder, you would have contributed to national development. The company's interests extend to oil and natural gas, mineral development, iron and steel works, cement, shipyards, and rolling mills. These projects cannot be financed unless someone is prepared to save and invest working capital, but if you are prepared to do this you can become money-rich.

But this discussion concerns speculative investment. You must put your money where it will help to finance expansion plans as the basis of further production. If a company has a record of success and a firm financial structure, your investment is not a speculation, but one way to make money grow.

It is possible that you may have invested $2000 in 1956 and lost the money. It is also possible that you could have been killed in an accident.

Losses are avoided in the money-market by spreading the risk over a number of companies. As a result, the percentage of unsuccessful organisations is small.

Well, it becomes clearly obvious that to be money-rich you must manage your money; plan and budget wisely. Multi - millionaire Fred Laker says: "In many ways it is easier to earn money than to keep it."

Fred Laker is the Englishman who gave jet-powered thinking to post-war aviation.

Fred Laker was demobilised from the Air Force with a gratuity of £40 and training as an aircraft engineer. Today he controls an airline worth $11 million.

His formula for millionaire success is stated simply in his own words, "When I first came into a little money the first thing I did was to secure myself by building a house. Then I took out the odd insurance policy to cover my death or old age. The third thing I did was to invest in Government stocks, top - class equity shares, and also agricultural land, thus ensuring a reasonable income and growth to take care of inflation."

If you follow Fred Laker's formula you will first get training, then save your earnings. You will buy a home, provide adequate insurance for your family, and invest carefully. When you are earning an independent income from your investments you will then talk to the estate agent and buy land. If you follow this formula the rules will make you money-rich.

A national calamity could wipe you out, but by applying the same rules you would proceed to build another fortune.

The rules are so easy to follow that it should be considered a crime to be poor. The poor have imposed on themselves the limitation of being unable to save.

I promised to tell you the story of the boy who made $4000 in his spare time. A farmer in New South Wales had a useless paddock. The previous owner had planted a windbreak of elms and poplars, which had suckered until the paddock was overgrown with small golden elms and poplars.

Tom Willis needed some money because, although he was 14, his father had never bought him a bike. Tom offered to clear the paddock if the farmer would give him all the trees.

To this the farmer agreed, but said he would also give Tom $50 for the work. Tom scoured the town until he had hundreds of tins, into which he transplanted the small trees, which he sold for $2 each.

Today, Tom Ellis owns a prosperous nursery created from his initiative in building up a nest-egg of working capital.

I have mentioned multi-millionaire W. Clement Stone. At six, he was selling newspapers in a tough Chicago neighborhood. At 16, he was selling insurance. When he was satisfied that he really knew the insurance business, he created his own company and today his business is world-wide.

Mr. Stone does not recognise limitation. He knows that nothing is impossible if you believe it is possible and if you are prepared to do something about it.

Choice is yours

The money rules are, in fact, very simple, so you can be as rich as you want to be.

You have to decide first that you want to be rich, then be prepared to defer other wants until you have saved enough to get started. For example, you may spend $200 a year on cigarettes or you may invest the $200 and start that money working for you.

This is your greatest power. You have the power to choose.

Every man or woman has the right to help himself or herself. In other words, the right to choose.

You can choose to spend your money on the pleasures of the moment or save your money to buy permanent assets. The choice is yours.

(From a forthcoming book, "Nothing Is Impossible," by W. R. Gresham. Copyright, 1966.)

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WHY?

Because Elnett is made to a
French formula which demands
the most expensive ingredients,
top manufacturing techniques.
The result?
Elnett really holds hair.
Gently. Firmly.
All day.
Then brushes out at night.
Elnett cares for hair.
Keeps it shining.
Never stiff or sticky.
Elnett's mist is really fine.
Sprays evenly. Lasts longer.
Cheap hairsprays can't equal
this performance.
That's why Elnett is worth $1.55.

Elnett Satin hairspray
regular and superhold.

A L'Oreal of Paris product manufactured in Australia for Nicholas Marigny Pty. Ltd.

* TRADE MARK

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SLICE OF LIFE

★ *A 75-year-old widow, in North Perth, sent us this quaint and charming "recipe" for a wedding cake which, she said, an aunt in the U.S.A. gave her:*

2lb. Flour of Love
1lb. Good Looks
½lb. Butter of Youth
¾lb. Sweet Temper
1oz. Powdered Wit
½ pkt. Rippling Laughter
1oz. Dry Humor
½ pkt. Commonsense
2oz. Sweet Argument (be sure it's sweet)

Put the Flour of Love, Good Looks, and Sweet Temper into a Home. Beat the Butter of Youth to a Cream. Mix together Powdered Wit, Dry Humor, and Sweet Argument. Add them to above. Pour in gently Commonsense and Rippling Laughter. Stir together until all are well mixed. Bake at a uniform temperature. For ever.

A Jack (and Barry) of all trades!

■ **Have you ever wished you could have a haircut, dress fitting, cup of coffee, and possibly a look at some interesting old knick-knacks all at the same time? There are two busy young men-about-town who could manage just this for you.**

Between them, John Underwood Grimes, 28, and Barry Livingston, 23, run a coffee shop, dress - design shop, knick - knack shop, and hairdressing salon, all on the top floor of a Sydney arcade.

John was the one to start the ball rolling. He has been a dress designer for five years. (Before that he was a jackaroo, and before that he intended to be an architect.)

A penchant for variety — "You can get awfully tired of women and dresses all day long" — led him to open a coffee shop on the floor where he worked.

Serving a different type of people — "Cappuccino or long black?" — and flipping the occasional pancake to relieve his cook brought more variety into John's business life, but he still had the time and the inclination to try something else as well.

He found a partner

In his spare moments he would visit Barry, the young hairdresser a few shops along. Barry agreed that he, too, would like a little variety.

John went back and looked at his dress - design shop. There was a lot of space. If he subdivided, he could have another shop. Maybe a knick-knack shop? He had been collecting bits-and-pieces for several years, and had noticed the interest in such things was growing.

Barry liked the idea and the two young men teamed up at weekends to scour junk shops, private collections, backyards, and rubbish dumps for interesting "old things."

They found plenty, and, with some polish or a rub-down, they turned them into things of beauty—or, at least, quaintness — for sale to the modern decorator or collector.

And, as if their lives weren't spiced with enough variety, they plan to open a bistro.

Anyone for a cognac after the coffee, have a dress fitted, haircut, and buy that brass thing to hang on the wall?

● *Pamela (left) and Claudine.*

WHAT ARE NICE GIRLS LIKE YOU DOING IN A PLACE LIKE THIS?

COMPACT

TWO New Zealand sales representatives depend on their mechanical knowledge to sell their product — a brake device for tractors.

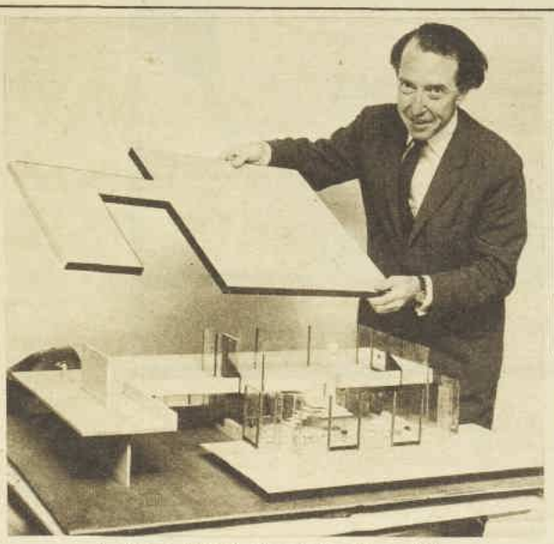
Not unusual, you say. But . . . with their pamphlets, spanners, wrenches, and overalls, they carry their make-up and knitting.

Because these two New Zealanders are girls, Pamela Miller and Claudine Simpson.

"We've always been interested in mechanics," said Pamela. "I was born and bred on a farm and have been messing about with tractors and suchlike all my life. Claudine's husband is a motor mechanic, and she has her own racing car."

Pamela and Claudine are the only sales representatives for the firm, which has a world patent on its invention. They are touring Australia at present and hope to go farther afield.

Despite their job, both girls are feminine and pretty. In fact, Claudine was runner-up in a 1963 New Zealand beauty contest.



Architect Neville Gruzman and model.

HE MAKES MINI-HOMES

■ It's the small things that matter to well-known Sydney architect Neville Gruzman. As far as he knows, he is the only architect in Australia using models—ranging in scale from ⅛in. to ½in. to the foot and constructed from balsa wood — to evaluate interior space.

"Of course, there is nothing new under the sun when someone is trying to solve a problem," Mr. Gruzman said. "I'm pretty sure that Bramante must have used a similar system for St. Peter's, in Rome, and the great German architect Mies van de Rohe did, in fact, build a full-scale model of a house from canvas and wood 40-odd years ago."

It was a growing need to understand a building **before** it was built that led Mr. Gruzman to the discovery — or, perhaps, rediscovery — of this system about a year ago. Now, with three houses almost completed, he has concrete evidence of its great success.

"These models reduce the chance element in building," he said. "So often an architect laments, 'If only I'd known it was going to be like this!' when the building is finished."

However, according to Mr. Gruzman, when an architectural idea is seen in three dimensions, instead of on paper, all major faults in spacial concept are revealed and can be corrected before the first brick is laid.

"You get every view from the model that you get from the building itself," he said, at the same time lifting the roof off a doll's - house - size lounge, complete with tiny pictures on the walls, table and chairs, and a gay carpet on the floor.

There were even ashes in the fireplace. "We burn the fire to see where the smoke goes."

MYZONE

gives blessed quick relief from dragging pain

When pain, headache and muscular cramps are so bad you can hardly walk — when all you want to do is sit down and cry — take two Myzone tablets with water or a cup of tea. Thousands of active women . . . business girls, nurses, housewives . . . say Myzone brings blessed relief quicker than anything else they've known. Let Myzone's special ACTEVIN (anti-spasm) compound bring you safe relief from period pain, backache and sick-feeling — without any harmful after effects. Obtainable at all Chemists.

MYZONE

Banish the pain you can't explain

Superfluous Hair Killed Quickly

by "*EXHAIR*." Perfectly harmless. Guaranteed. Send stamped, addressed envelope for particulars. Confidential.

Janet Glanville, 247w Elizabeth Street, Sydney.

BACKACHE

If your back aches like sin and Rheumatism kills your work and fun, take New Improved CYB-TEX to wash away the acids and pain. Feel young and fit again. Get Scientific, Laboratory-tested and Certified CYB-TEX from your chemist for fast help. Only 6/6.

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Expect a change in your skin when you use Living Peach.

It will tell barefaced lies about your age.

And why bother to correct the story? You wouldn't be believed. Because your skin actually will be 'younger!

Now this is a big claim to make — and Innoxa make it very seriously indeed.

Because Living Peach (first discovered by scientists) is a stimulant created by the peach, and used by the fruit for its own firm, ripe freshness.

Use it on your skin — and the skin will respond dramatically, firm and fill out with moisture. In fact, Living Peach will change the age of your skin!

And because every woman has a different skin problem, Innoxa developed specialised preparations for all skins . . . and formulated each one around the *live peach stimulant*.

So you can expect quite a change in your skin when you use Living Peach. It will be younger than you are.

Cleansing Lotion; Cleansing Cream; Skin Tonic; Moisturising Lotion; Conditioning Cream; Vitamin Beauty Mask.

INNOXA
LIVING PEACH

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If you want instant glamor, buy yourself a wig!

● With two toddlers, trips to the hairdresser had become a problem — until she hit upon this aid to quick grooming, says a South Australian minister's wife (who feels that she and her wig had better remain anonymous!).

THE taxi-driver said impatiently, "Keep yer hair on, lady, we'll get there." What he didn't know was that this was the very thing I couldn't do, as I am one of the thousands of women in Australia who wear a wig.

Like other young mothers, I find visits to the hairdresser difficult. I can't take two toddlers with me, and I haven't any relations nearby who can mind them.

Also, my husband is a clergyman. This involves me in a number of women's meetings and organisations, usually as chairman or speaker. To look respectable for two or three functions a week was beyond me. I resorted to the aging camouflage of always wearing a hat.

Then came the wig! Last year, after much thought, I dug into my small nest-egg, took my courage in both hands, and went shopping. I have never regretted it.

I went to a large city wig salon, told them I was *thinking* of buying a wig, and let the experts fuss over me. I had a marvellous time trying on wigs till I found a suitable style.

This proved a pleasant surprise. I thought the only way to avoid an obviously artificial hairline was to have a fringe or bangs down on the forehead, but the wig was simply placed half an inch back from my normal hairline, a few strands of my own hair combed up over the front, and held in place with spray. The effect was completely natural.

I was shown wigs in both human and false hair, but the human wigs were better and looked more realistic. There was also a choice between Asian and European hair.

The European hair was of a finer texture — and about four or five times as expensive—but it seemed to me that when this hair was set, backcombed, and liberally sprayed it lost some of its fine-textured appearance. My budget dictated that I would have to settle for the cheaper Asian variety.

Long hair, incidentally, is worth money these days. If you're having yours cut, ask the hairdresser to braid it into a number of pigtails and cut these off before he shapes your hair. Then you will have your plaits to sell.

Hand-knotted

The next decision was whether I was interested in a hand-knotted wig or a machine-sewn one. I found that, although more expensive, the hand-knotted wigs are the ones usually recommended, as they look more natural and last longer.

Many glamor girls have a wardrobe of wigs to choose from in a variety of colors, but as I didn't want mine to be noticeable I decided I preferred one in my own hair color.

So, having learnt a little about wigs I went home to think about it. A few days later I discovered that my local hairdresser could get the same thing for me, direct from the manufacturers, for a little over half the price quoted by the city salon. I paid her a small deposit and was to collect my wig the next week.

When I returned, I was disappointed to see what looked like a length of hair in a plastic box. The hairdresser showed me how to put it on and adjust the band inside for a comfortable fit. When I glanced in the mirror, all I could see was long hair hanging straight to my shoulders. I looked like a witch without the broom!

I had previously decided the length and style I wanted, so the wig was then cut and trimmed on my head. This is the most difficult part and needs an expert to give a good cut, as it won't grow out again.

Another week was to pass before I could return to collect the wig set in the style of my choice — a week mostly spent trying to decide whether or not to tell my husband. I decided not to tell him, because I thought that if I could wear the wig without his noticing, he could never say it looked artificial.

At last the great day came, and I went to collect. This time I was thrilled with the result, as the wig looked very natural. I also bought a plastic head shape and box to store it in.

The hairdresser told me that the only way to clean a wig was to have it professionally dry-cleaned at a salon at regular intervals. They should never be shampooed, rinsed, or treated at home.

So, wearing my new head of hair, I went home to face my husband, not quite sure whether I wanted him to notice it or not.

It was rather an anti-climax. He didn't notice anything unusual. He just thought I'd had an ordinary hairset, and was surprised when I took the wig off that night.

Since then, my wig has been my most used accessory. Later, when my own hair begins to turn grey, I'll probably have it rinsed back to its normal color to match the wig until the time comes to "grow old gracefully."

The small wiglet I bought at the same time has not been so successful. It only really looks presentable after I have visited the hairdresser for her to arrange, comb, and pin into place for me. This defeats the whole advantage of the instant hairstyle I achieve with the wig.

So if you want to look elegant in 1967, my advice is: Don't buy a new outfit, buy a wig!

The elusive silver cup

● Always "pipped at the post" — a South Australian reader mourns her record as runner-up.

IT all started when I was one year old. Mum felt sure I should have won that silver cup!

A chubby boy was placed first in the baby show, and Mum was given a certificate for her runner-up.

Primary School, Grade VII: A lovely silver cup was to be awarded to the English knowledge champ.

Guess who stumbled over the final word and was presented with the blue ribbon for second?

High School and Junior Cup athletics day dawned: 100-yard dash, 100-yard hurdles, hop, step, and jump, and broad jump.

This was it. I'd win that silver cup, by gum. But, no, I failed by one point.

That evening a few tears of disappointment fell on my second prize—a book!

Oh, well. The Senior Cup was there to aim for in second-year high school.

I tried so hard I split my shorts going over the last hurdle.

A few more tears fell on my second prize, another book, that evening. Pipped by half a point!

Chosen for the tennis team to play against a visiting high school, I won my match 6-2.

There was to be a presentation (a cup, of course) to the girl who won most convincingly.

At last, I thought, it's me!

However, our captain overcame a badly turned ankle to win hers 6-1.

I noticed that the pink certificate matched my bedroom curtains perfectly.

Upon leaving school, I played basketball every Saturday.

Our team played against nine top teams from surrounding towns for a country championship, and WE won!

Alas, it was during the war, and instead of the silver cup usually given to every girl in the winning team, this year we would each receive a blue sash!

Silver spoons

Coming to the city to work, I attended a mammoth picnic with my fiance.

A ladies' race was scheduled, and John entered my name.

The prize for second place was a set of silver spoons—which I've used all these years.

(Yes, the winner was thrilled with her silver cup.)

I married John and we have four bonny children (winners all).

When our third babe was due, near Australia Day, a silver spoon was to be given the first baby born that day.

Natch! My daughter was the second child, by ten minutes.

Tenpin bowling became my favorite sport, and I improved enough to join a women's league.

The team slowly moved to top position. THEN I found No. 4 babe was on the way.

The other girls loved their silver cups—and I loved my daughter!

Meanwhile, back on the old bowling lane, I'm looking forward to the end of the season.

Perhaps THIS is the year to have, at last, a silver cup adorning the mantelpiece.

(P.S.: We are lying second at the moment!)

It's funny, but . . .

I LIKE washing up

I'M queer, I know I am, and my friends agree. I like washing up. I can see you picturing my spotless kitchen — but I didn't say I wash each dish as I use it. No. I save them all up till I have a big stack, then choose a quiet period to wash the lot.

You don't need to concentrate hard to wash dishes, so there I am, looking terribly busy, with my mind free to think. Mothers don't get much "thinking time," and I look forward to it.

Sometimes I sort out a problem or plan future activities. It's a good time for reminiscing (particularly over after-party dishes),) or for just day-dreaming. If I am tense or worried, I follow the yoga practice of saying, "In this moment, I am washing this cup. In this moment, I am washing this plate"—a mind discipline that frees your mind of a problem for a short period.

I value my washing-up time, begrudge anyone taking it from me. The beauty of it is that while I am enjoying myself I look so busy I am left undisturbed. When do you think I thought out this article?—

"Jenny Wren," Mt. Waverley, Vic.

Cried yesterday . . .

Smiles today . . .

A photographer snapped this happy picture of Mary Jane today.
"But yesterday", says her mother, "she cried all day, wouldn't eat either. Then I thought of Laxettes. She's happy as a lark today, eating well, too."
It's normally Mother Nature's job to keep children regular. But when Nature forgets, remember Laxettes, the chocolate laxative, to restore your child's regularity overnight. Gently. Safely. Surely. No taste but the chocolate! Laxettes tonight, tomorrow, they're right.
Only 35 cents (3/6)

LA99

(Advertisement)

New Powerful Insecticide Is Guaranteed Safe

THERE is now available in Australia an insecticide totally effective against all insect pests, that is guaranteed safe, as it does not contain any poisonous active ingredient to harm the lungs and delicate tissue.

This means that it can be sprayed with complete safety near food or where food is stored and near children and pets.

Survival of insect pests is not possible, because the powerful fume action of the Pea-Beu insecticide penetrates deep into remote corners and crevices killing all insect pests on contact, an action described by one observer "as if by an electric shock." No insect is immune to its deadly action.

Pea-Beu contains the safest of all insect-killing substances (ingredients) known, yet the strongest, most effective killing substance to all insect pests.

The powerful, safe, Pea-Beu aerosol insecticide is available at chemists and leading stores.

MARL QUICK KNIT 7 CENTS per oz. ball
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Complete range of Super Quality HAND KNITTING WOOLS from 11 CENTS per oz. ball
3-ply, 4-ply, Baby Knit, Quick Knit, D.K., Chunkies, Crepes, Acrilan, etc.

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'Please Mr. Steiner, make me the blonde I'd love to be.'

You really can be just the blonde you want to be now **Color Fair** is here.

From the most discreet hint of blonde right through to the wildest blonde. In one step too.

Because **Color Fair** colours your hair as it lightens.

Just foam **Color Fair** through your hair. Time it to get just the blondeness you want, rinse and dry. What could be easier?

And guess what.

While **Color Fair** is colouring and lightening your hair it's shampooing it too and revitalising it to make sure there are no broken, brittle ends.
Use **Color Fair** for a blonde streak or blonde tips too.

Just decide how blonde you want to be and choose from Natural Blonde for a keep-'em-guessing hint of blonde; Gold Blonde, for a liquid gold sheen; Auburn Blonde with a coppery fire or shimmering, sophisticated, Super Blonde.

To truly be the blonde you'd love to be, isn't it worth $1-95?

Steiner THE AUTHORITY ON HAIR CARE

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COLLECTORS' CORNER

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' queries about their antiques.

● Staffordshire teapot

I HAVE a tiny teapot I think may be very old. It is very shiny, black, with painted flowers in a raised pattern in white, blue, red, and gold. On the base there is the number "X442/4," then "Corona, Gibson and Sons, Burslem, England, AD No. 69599." Could you tell me anything about it?—Mrs. C. Harris, Launceston, Tas.

Your Staffordshire teapot was made by the Albany pottery Burslem. Gibson & Sons (Ltd.) first used the mark on your example about 1912.

CAN you tell me something about my jug and vase (pictured below)?—Mrs. A. Horton, Launceston, Tas.

Your late-Victorian glass vase, hand-painted with a floral motif, was made about 1880. Your Victorian Doulton jug was made about 1885.

● Victorian pieces

I WOULD appreciate information about my piece of statuary (photograph enclosed). The piece appears to have been poured. I think it depicts Mary Magdalene and St. Thomas come to prepare Christ's body for burial. St. Thomas is carrying a circular plate and a round flagon; Mary, in the centre, is carrying a length of material, and Mary Magdalene a vase or pitcher.

The statue stands 14in. high and is complete to the finest details. The markings on the base are the letter "N" and the name "Minton."—R. Lucas, Kew, Vic.

Your very fine group, which may be classified as parian ware, was produced at the Minton factory in November, 1869.

CAN you tell me about a piece of what I believe to be Wedgwood which was uncovered by my son when he was digging for fossils? I think it is part of a butter-cooler.—Mrs. M. White, Kensington, Vic.

The Jasper ware cover belongs to a cheese dish. Wedgwood examples are usually marked. Many Staffordshire potters have emulated the Wedgwood wares. This is particularly noticeable during the mid-Victorian era, when cheese dishes and covers similar to the one in your photograph became fashionable. Adams of Tunstable (Staffordshire) could have made the cover illustrated.

● Cheese cover

for fun-loving lasses lively lads and value-minded mums

Two to six year olds! What an age . . . energetic little legs take children anywhere. Clothes really take a beating. Not the rugged little styles in 'Junior Bondwear'. Marvellously mini-care. Designed for action. Prices will please value-minded Mums. Grandmums too. Available now at all good stores.

FIGURES LEFT TO RIGHT FROM TOP:
Style 92002. Fleecy-lined stretch nylon and cotton slacks. Royal, brown, beige, red. Sizes AS2-AS6. $3.99
Style 92909. Cosy stretch cardigan. Fleecy-lined. In Royal, brown, beige, red. Sizes AS2-AS6. $3.99

Style 92905. Stretchy hooded parka. Fleecy-lined. Zip opening. Royal, brown, beige, red. Sizes AS2-AS6. From $4.50
Style 92001. Stretch 'little miss' fleecy-lined slacks. Strap at cuff. Royal, brown, beige, red. Sizes AS2-AS6. $3.50

Style 42006. 'Little miss' fleecy-lined slacks with permanent crease. Brown, blue, green, red. Sizes AS2-AS6. From $2.50

Style 42602. Fleecy-lined popover with shoulder openings. Note applique. In blue and red. Sizes AS2-AS4. From $2.99

Style 12936. Polo neck shirt in interlock cotton. Elasticised neck and cuff. Fun-loving colours. Sizes AS1-AS14. From $1.59

Style 42004. 'Little man' slacks. Fleecy-lining. Permanent crease. Blue/navy, beige/brown, green/olive, red/black. Sizes AS2-AS6. From $2.99

Style 42908. Fleecy-lined casual jacket. Overcheck pattern. Blue/navy, beige/brown, green/olive, red/black. Sizes AS2-AS6. $3.99

Style 42008. 'Plush' cotton velour slacks. Elastic straps at cuffs. Royal, brown, moss green and black. Sizes AS8-AS14. $5.99
Style 42904. Matching pullover also in 'plush'. Interesting 'floral' screen print. Six exciting shades. Sizes AS2-AS14. From $4.99

Style 12901. Fleecy-lined polo neck with raglan sleeve. Easy washing and drying. Six lively colours. Sizes AS1-AS14. From $1.79
Style 92908. Stretchy V-neck pullover. Contrast trim, brass buttoned. Royal, brown, beige, red. Sizes AS2-AS6. $3.50
Style 92001. Stretch 'little miss' fleecy-lined slacks. Strap at cuff. Royal, brown, beige, red. Sizes: AS2-AS6. From $3.50

Style 42916. Fleecy lined zip jacket. Button down collar. Brown, blue, green, red. Sizes AS2-AS6. $3.99
Style 42007. 'Little man' slacks. Fleecy-lined, permanent creases. In brown, blue, green, red. Sizes AS2-AS6. From $2.75

BOND'S

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(Advertisement)

To Beautify Oily Skins

Skins which carry too much oil can now be cleared to normal radiant loveliness with a wonder-acting pink milk. This pink Entration milk, when smoothed on, absorbs excess skin oil and on contact with the moisture drains it from the complexion in seconds. It refines enlarged pores, cleanses greasy patches and corrects greasy skin conditions that lead to blemishes, blackheads and keratinisation. To give your complexion a peaches-and-cream softness, ask your chemist for a supply of Entration milk.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

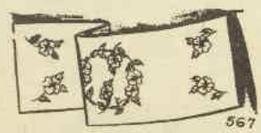
566

No. 566.—FROCK
Charming frock is available cut out to make in mid-grey, rouge-red, brown, or mid-blue corduroy. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, $5.45; 36 and 38in. bust, $5.65. Postage and dispatch 40 cents extra.

No. 567.—TABLE RUNNER
Pretty table runner is available traced ready to embroider on green, pink, white, cream, or blue pure Irish linen. Price is $1.25 plus 10 cents postage and dispatch.

No. 568.—CHILD'S PYJAMAS
Child's pyjamas are available cut out to make in white, pink, or blue flannelette. Sizes 1 and 2 years, $2.25; 3 and 4 years, $2.45. Postage and dispatch 10 cents extra.

● *Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney. Postal address, Fashion Frocks, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. No C.O.D. orders accepted.*



567

568

Home-made doughnuts

● A recipe for crisp, golden doughnuts, which can be made without a doughnut iron, wins our $10 cookery prize this week.

Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in the recipe.

DOUGHNUTS

2 eggs
2-3rd cup sugar
1oz. melted butter
2-3rd cup sour milk
3½ cups plain flour
1½ teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon bicarb. soda
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon nutmeg
fat for frying
castor sugar
cinnamon

In mixing bowl, beat eggs and sugar. Add melted butter and sour milk. Sift flour, baking powder, bicarbonate of soda, salt, and nutmeg. Gradually mix this into liquids to make a stiff dough. Roll out on lightly floured board to ¼in. thickness. Cut into 2½in. circles and cut out centres to make ring doughnuts.

Fry in hot, deep fat until golden brown. Remove, drain well on absorbent paper. Toss in castor sugar, mixed with little cinnamon, if desired.

Prize of $10 to Mrs. K. Harrington, 80 Lincoln St., Lindisfarne, Tas.

A very convenient service for busy women interested in saving money

(and who isn't these days?)

Are you using your savings bank account to build up a nest egg? Perhaps you have an important target in view. Funds for home building...educational requirements...a new car ...travel. By far the easiest way to build up your bank balance is by joining a National Savings Group. The pay office where you are employed can bank your savings for you. You merely tell them how much you wish to save out of each pay and they do the rest. And we all agree with the old precept that money you don't have in your purse you don't spend.

It's surprising how even modest sums, taken out of your pay, can amount to very substantial totals in a short time. In brief, the National Savings Plan provides busy women with a convenient way to save. You can have your savings paid into any savings bank you choose and receive regular savings bank interest.

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HOUSEHOLD HINTS

● Readers win a prize of $1 for each of these handy hints for the home.

WHEN making the gravy for the evening meal, add chopped onion, grated carrot, chopped bacon, and, for a tangy flavor, some tomato sauce. This spicy gravy is especially good for the cold winter nights ahead. — Miss S. G. Evans, 9 Gardere St., Caringbah, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

Save the mesh nylon bags in which potatoes, onions, etc., are sold. Place one bag inside another and knot the outer one. They make handy pot and pan scourers. — Mrs. D. Connolly, 9 Hallas St., Gatton, Qld.

★ ★ ★

To remove dust from a vacuum-cleaner bag, empty into it a cupful of moist tealeaves and shake well. The dust will cling to the tealeaves. — Mrs. W. Rippingill, 12 Tripoli Rd., Fairfield West, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

An old dessertspoon is ideal for planting those spring bulbs. It scoops out a hole just big enough. — Mrs. K. Brand, 36 Noel St., Hilton Park, Fremantle, W.A.

★ ★ ★

Keep moths out of clothes with camphor. Cut the toe off an old stocking (about 6in. in length) and put a piece of camphor in the toe. Put a drawing-pin through open end of stocking and attach to inside of wardrobe or wherever you're troubled by moths. — Miss M. E. Turner, 21 Simla Crescent, Khandallah, Wellington, N.Z.

★ ★ ★

Use elastic thread to sew on the bottom button on a button-through dress or smock. You'll find it then won't pull away or tear the material as it so often tends to do. — Mrs. J. R. Woolcock, 12 Fontein St., Tottenham, W 12, Vic.

★ ★ ★

Remove printing from sugar bags by first dampening with kerosine, then rubbing with dripping. Leave for a few hours, then wash the bag. — Mrs. Barbara Batis, 22 Jardine St., Rockhampton, Qld.

★ ★ ★

Small linen articles, such as table centres, won't become crushed if stored in cardboard boxes in your cupboard. Shirt boxes with plastic lids are especially good for quick identification. — Mrs. C. Hambly, 13 Gwynne St., Gwynneville, Wollongong, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

If you are making a cement path, give it a different look by sweeping it over with a straw broom while the cement is still wet. This makes the path non-slippery as well. — Mrs. Medlen, 5 Woodchester Rd., Nollamara, W.A.

MRS. H. WIFE

"And when he said, 'My kingdom for a horse,' you woke up and yelled, 'It's a deal.'"

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WESTINGHOUSE STARTED SOMETHING

IT MAKES FROST-FREE WESTINGHOUSE THE FIRST AND ONLY COMPLETE FOOD-KEEPER

Westinghouse has everything. Except Frost. Imagine a meat keeper that works just like your butcher's own coolroom—that keeps your meat just as full-flavoured and tender-fresh. Westinghouse alone has it. This specially refrigerated compartment keeps your meat fresh, juicy, tasty, for a whole seven days. It's always ready-to-cook because it's never frozen. Fan-forced cold air, at a controlled low temperature, continuously flows around (but never in) the porcelain enamel meat keeper—like the fan-forced air in your butcher's coolroom. But that's only one advantage of the unique Westinghouse cold-injection system. It constantly circulates chilled air throughout the entire food-keeper. With special compartments to lock in freshness, flavour and juiciness, the new Westinghouse contains five different frost-free zones—in the freezer, the cabinet, the crispers, the meat keeper and dairy compartments. So you have appropriate temperatures for every kind of food from dairy produce to deep-frozen foods. Live with the big Frost-Free Westinghouse. You'll know why we like to refer to it as a food-keeper and not just another refrigerator. *Illustrated is Model RJG 155. The butcher stripes are to help you identify our exclusive meat keeper. They are removable.*

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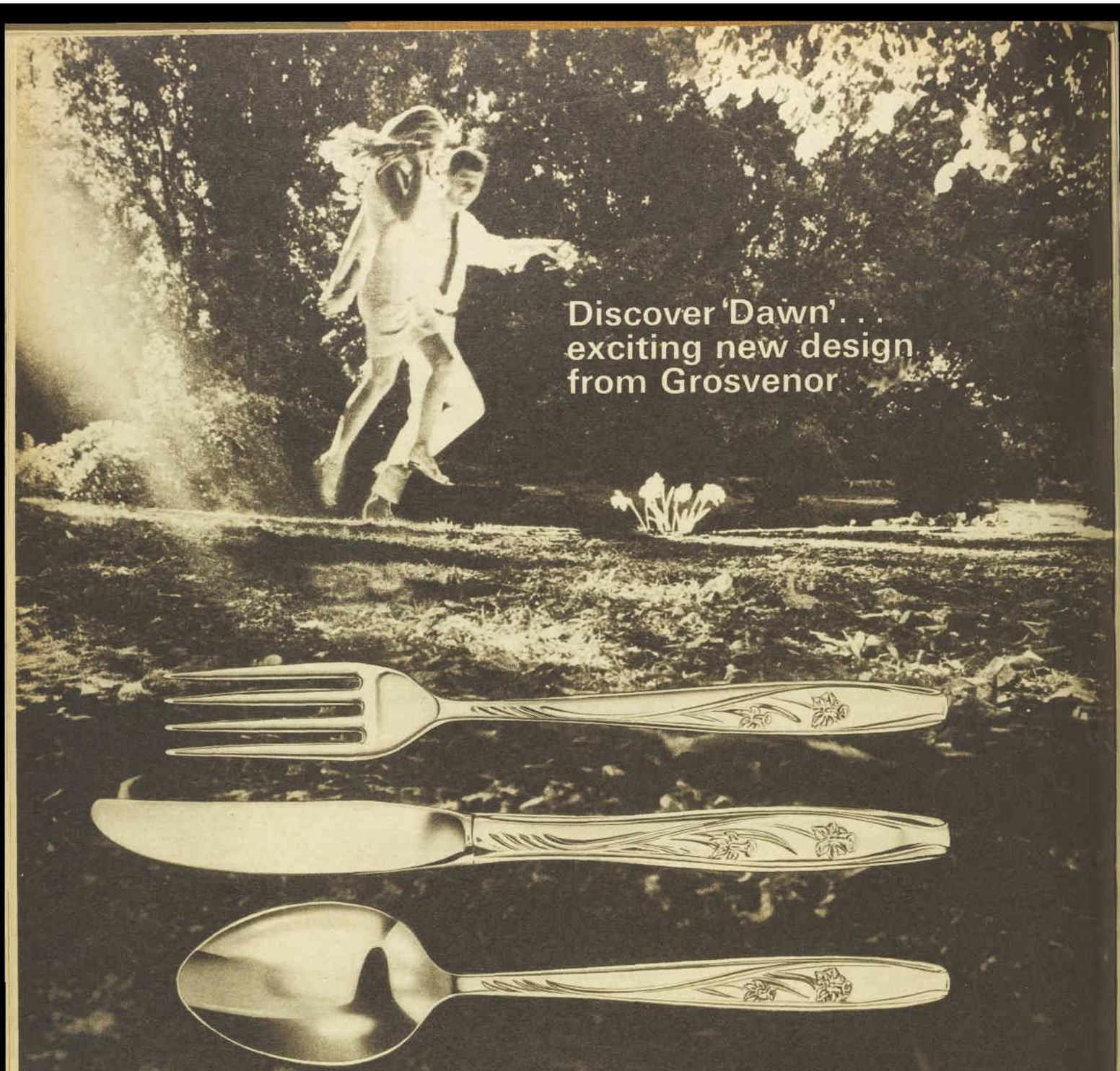

Only Grosvenor brings you beautiful silver at such an incredibly low price (a complete 44-piece setting from just $33.40)

Only Grosvenor could offer such a romantic young silver design. Dawn — a springtime fresh pattern of graceful daffodils embossed on clean cut, modern cutlery. Such easy elegance — so easy to afford . . . Grosvenor combines the two in 'Dawn'. Just $33.40 for a 44-piece setting (with xylonite handles). With pearlex handles $34.60 . . . with silver handles $46.20.

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Sally was quite happy to read a book while Charles was working in his office.

THE CURE

By ROBERTA YATES

SALLY FORREST'S friends thought of her as a party girl, and liked her at their parties because she was lovely and gay and helped make any party go. They wondered how she managed to model all day in an exclusive shop, then dance away the night, but, at 23, a girl has energy.

What they did not know was that Sally thought of parties as "the cure." They did not know that Sally had been jilted, turned down, rejected when her wedding plans were made. They did know that Sally had been Stan Randall's girlfriend a few years ago and that Stan had changed jobs and moved to Chicago.

Sally had laughed and said: "We had fun. I'll miss him." When they asked her how he was doing she said: "Fine."

She did not admit that she never heard from him, because the friends did not know that she had been engaged to Stan, secretly, at his request, or that Stan had finally said: "So I'm a heel, but I'm not ready to be tied down yet, Sal."

Sally had taken the modelling job and plunged into parties. When she was alone there was a forlorn, tugging ache in her heart, but when she kept busy there was no time for that lonely pain. This was the cure. However, even now, two years later, she still saw Stan in the set of the shoulders of a stranger, or she heard him in a voice that sounded like his.

Sally was the kind of girl men were proud to be seen with, and whenever her friends had an extra man naturally they thought of her.

That was how she met Charles Ellis. Phyllis apologised for him. "I know he's not your type, Sal. He's too serious, but George says he's a brain and he's nice-looking."

The surprising part of the evening was that there was no party. Oh, it started out as one, in a nightclub where Phyllis and her husband were entertaining in honor of George's boss' anniversary. After a round of drinks, everyone else started milling around on a postage-stamp dance floor and Sally was left at the table with Charles Ellis.

"I'll dance if you insist," he said, "but it's an ordeal."

Sally looked at him, really seeing him for the first time, or as much as she could see in the nightclub darkness. He was nice-looking, as Phyllis had said, sort of dependable-looking, in a quiet way.

The music had stopped. The others were coming back to the table.

He asked abruptly: "Would you mind if we got out of here? I've a conference tomorrow and things to think about and you can't think in this clatter."

To her amazement, Sally found herself picking up her evening wrap and following him to his car. In the back of her mind was a suspicion that this was a new version of an old excuse to get a girl alone, but Charles Ellis simply got in the car and started driving.

There was a romantic harvest moon and the air was tangy with autumn, but he drove and said nothing. After a long time she said: "Prices are higher nowadays. I'll give you ten cents for your thoughts."

"They're not worth it," he said. "I was trying to figure out a structural steel problem. Let's stop at a diner and have coffee."

So they did, and then he drove her home. Outside her door he kissed her quite casually, as though he'd just had the idea.

"You're lovely," he said, "and much too glamorous for a dull clod like me. But if you can stand it, let's have dinner tomorrow night."

That was the beginning. Sally herself couldn't understand why she preferred doing quiet things with Charles to parties and dancing. Often she simply read a book in his office while he worked late evenings. Sometimes they drove miles and had dinner at the first roadside stop that looked inviting.

Sometimes Charles told her about the places he'd been, from brand-new Brasilia to old, old Mayan ruins.

"I'm glad they've promised to let me stay home for a while," he said. "I'd like to make it permanent. I'm tired of jet planes and hotel rooms."

That was the day he showed her the house he wanted to buy. It was a Provincial design in the suburbs, and yet not of them because it was tucked away behind a hill and cut off by a small wood. Sally, woman-like, furnished it as she looked through.

Charles said what was obvious. "It's a house for two."

He must not be allowed to go on, because that meant hurting him. She couldn't explain that he was only part of "the cure," the cure for Stan Randall that never seemed to work.

She hurried back to the car. "Let's go somewhere loud and gay for a change," she said. "Let's go to a party."

"I may go to Alaska," he said. "I may go next week."

"But you said they were letting you stay here."

"It's up to me." He added, "You don't like the house."

"I love it, but, oh, Charles, I'm just not ready."

She let it go at that and it was the next day that Stan Randall walked back into her life. She saw him coming up the walk and she thought: "It's only a stranger with those same shoulders and that same crinkly wave in his hair."

She went to the door and Stan's arms were around her.

"I tried, Sal," he said. "Heaven knows I tried to forget you, but I couldn't. So here I am. Here's the victim for chains."

And here was the moment she had dreamed of, happening exactly as she had dreamed it would. Where then had the dream gone wrong? She sat across from him in the blaring nightclub he had suggested and listened to him brag about his Chicago job and the honeymoon they'd have in Las Vegas.

Stan was as he had always been, amusing, handsome, a little too sure of himself; sure, for instance, that she had been waiting for him for two years — and hadn't she? Why had she never noted that his eyes were too close set? And why did her hand feel stone cold when he touched it?

"I love you, Sal," he said. "I haven't changed."

He would never change. There would never be any quiet or security in him.

"But you see, I've changed, Stan," Sally said. "I've danced a million miles and I've almost made a terrible mistake. I hung on to a dream and took silly cures, when the real cure was just seeing you again. Stan, wait a moment, I must telephone."

"What . . ." Stan began as she babbled into the telephone: "Don't go to Alaska, Charles. Please don't go to Alaska."

(Copyright)

Time, that's what. More time to do things. It's changing women's lives. As drudgery goes out, more fun comes in. But make no mistake, women are busier than ever expressing themselves in exciting new ways. And what woman does not value more time to savour the many satisfactions of modern living? Perhaps that is why she is inclined to rely on a bank that reaches out into tomorrow's world with her. A bank such as the ES&A with a family of services to help her save time and enjoy it. Modern, up to the minute, the ES&A provides one-stop banking service all under one roof. From Cheque Accounts, Savings Accounts, Interest-bearing Term Deposits and Travel Service to Hire Purchase through Esanda Ltd. Reach out into tomorrow's world Save for tomorrow, today... Bank ES&A

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PP24

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Look! No straps to play a supporting role!

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AT HOME . . .
with Margaret Sydney

● The impractical male again! American statisticians have revealed the awful facts about how much time a woman will spend and how many miles she will walk just making beds. Four hundred hours, if you're interested, and 641 miles.

WHERE the impracticability comes in, it seems to me, is in the solutions the experts offer. "All this could be changed," they say, "if women would only learn to make beds properly."

The time-and-motion experts say women could cut the time in half and reduce the mileage by 75 percent. Here's how, for a double bed:

A. Start with two sheets, two blankets, two pillows, two pillowslips, and one bedspread, all neatly folded on a chair.

B. From a position at the centre of one side of the bed, take the first sheet and unfold it on the bed.

C. Step to head of bed, tuck in sheet and corner.

D. Move back to centre position. Unfold upper sheet on bed, then two blankets. Fold upper sheet back over top of blankets. Spread bedspread over bed.

E. Take pillows, put on pillowslip, put at head of bed, and pull bedspread over it. Take second pillow, put on pillowslip, place on top of first pillow.

F. Move to foot of bed, same side. Toss back upper sheet, blankets, and spread, tuck in bottom sheet, then tuck in upper sheet and blankets together, pull bedspread into place.

G. Move to foot of opposite side of bed and repeat F.

H. Move to head of second side. Toss back upper sheet, blankets, and spread. Tuck in corner of lower sheet. Pull upper sheet and blankets smooth and fold top of upper sheet over blankets. Place second pillow in place and smooth bedspread over it.

All I can say is, dear time-and-motion man: I had that bed MADE while you were still folding sheets and blankets to begin, and I was sitting quietly in the kitchen having a well-earned cup of coffee by the time you got to stage F. Folding double sheets and blankets single-handed is about as tiring a job as you could think of.

Or did you do your study under laboratory conditions, and quite forget that the domestic double-bed is slept in every night, and not made up each day with sheets from the linen shelf and folded blankets from the blanket cupboard?

A book about birds in suburban gardens

SOME years ago, when I wrote about a paperback called "Birds As Individuals," by Len Howard, I had dozens of inquiries from readers about where they could get the book.

I felt guilty about this, as mine was secondhand, picked up for sixpence, and I seemed to have whetted people's appetites for something they couldn't get. Later, this book was reissued in hard-covers, so all was well.

I've just been reading something else which will make a strong appeal to all these bird-lovers. It's "Oasis Among The Chimney Pots," by Gwen Haines. It was published by the Harvill Press, London, in 1966, so it should be available at any of the big bookshops.

This is not a book for the learned ornithologist. It's a book for the ordinary owner of a suburban garden who likes birds and is interested in their habits and what makes them tick.

"Those who live in cities have as good a chance of observing the actions and reactions of birds as those who live in the country," Gwen Haines writes. The birds she writes about are English birds, but I can't see any reason why the methods she has worked out shouldn't be adapted to the needs of Australian birds and gardens.

In a small suburban garden (you can see that it is quite a small one from the book's excellent photographs) she has broods of robins, bluetits, blackbirds, thrushes, sparrows, and hedge-sparrows every year, as well as daily non-resident visitors such as jackdaws, starlings, wood pigeons, finches, woodpeckers, treecreepers, goldcrests (Britain's smallest bird), warblers, chiffchaffs, wagtails, and a dozen others.

None of them, not even those who are permanent residents, is ever confined in any way. What she provides in her garden is the sort of nesting places each species likes, the sort of material each likes for nest-building, and the sort of food they particularly like to eat.

"Just as people who keep domestic pets cannot be too house-proud, so the bird lover cannot afford to be too garden-proud," she writes, "but this does not mean your garden has to become a wilderness."

Then she lists the flowering and berrying bushes it is particularly useful to have if you want to attract birds. Cotoneasters, present in thousands of Australian gardens, come high on the list.

For most people, it's cats or birds, not both

GWEN HAINES quarrels with the view that bird life is governed solely by a series of conditioned reflexes, and has lots of stories of the individuality observable in birds that have become tame by having an oasis prepared for them in the midst of a city.

Warning to cat lovers: Read the book, if birds interest you, but leave it to one of your neighbors to set up the sanctuary.

Gwen Haines keeps a bird-loving dog, and finds him useful for keeping cats out of the garden. She also keeps old saucepans full of cold water for shying at prowling cats.

Well, fair enough. I'm not above making a noise to warn birds that they're being stalked, or prising open my cat's jaws to free some newly caught and not yet damaged live thing.

But to put a bell on a cat (and a rash of collars with bells has broken out recently in pet-shops) is an act of cruelty.

By nature, the cat is a creature that moves silently. To put on him something that jangles at every movement, sleeping or walking, is to turn him into an uncatlike, neurotic mess.

You may not like his hunting successes (who does?), but in obeying his normal instinct to hunt he is certainly no more "cruel" or "savage" than the pretty little bird who picks caterpillars off your vines or cracks snail shells to get at the tender flesh inside.

ALL FOR THE BEST

By HERBERT HARRIS

The old man had a lot to say and now this was his opportunity

THE lovely redhead, who had been my wife for a year, said: "Stop here!"—and I stopped at a vacant parking place.

"Look, it's raining," she added.

"But why did you want me to stop here, darling?"

"You remember this old spot, don't you?" prompted Meg. "It's where it all happened. Where we met old Father Christmas, I mean. You remember — we called him that because of his white hair and pink face?"

It all came back with startling clarity. We had sat there, like now, watching the rain and I had just said to her: "I hope the old jalopy doesn't spring a leak."

Then I recalled Meg saying: "There's an old chap tapping on the glass."

The old boy was staring at me. I opened the rear door. "Hop inside, sir." Then, as the old boy climbed in: "Were you wanting a lift somewhere?"

"No—no, thank you, it's not that. You don't recognise me then?"

I gave him a long, hard look. "I'm John Phillimore, Jenny's dad."

"Gosh," I said, "so you are."

At one time my heart would have lurched crazily at the thought of Jenny. But the magic had long since worn off.

Old Mr. Phillimore said suddenly: "There's something I've been wanting to talk to you about. It's about my daughter, actually. If you'd sooner I spoke to you privately . . ."

I laughed. "Oh, don't worry. Go ahead."

"Thank you," he said. "It'll do me a power of good to talk. I've wanted to ever since my Jenny turned you down, but somehow I could never find you."

"You wouldn't, sir," I said. "I've been travelling a lot for my firm."

"To tell you the truth," he went on, "I've been feeling wretched. When Jenny threw you over, I was afraid it might make a mess of your life. You don't mind me talking like this?"

"Not a bit. Get it off your chest."

"Well, you could have jumped in the river or taken to drink or done any of the silly things a fellow does when a girl . . ."

"Not these days!"

"Well, no, I can see that now. But I had to know. I thought I'd never get a chance to speak to you again. Then — I find you sitting here. I just banged on the window."

The old chap still seemed to have a worried, guilty look.

He went on: "Something's been on my conscience, nagging me. You see . . . Jenny would probably have married you but for me. You seemed a nice chap, and I didn't want to hurt you in any way. But, then, I didn't think you ought to marry Jenny."

"No?"

His face clouded over with anguish. "You hadn't any money, and didn't seem likely to make much. And Jenny, bless her, had always lived like a debutante, getting all she wanted — a spoiled, rich girl, you might say. I felt sure that if you married her, it . . . it just wouldn't work out."

He cleared his throat. "You remember when you went abroad? You said you'd always keep in touch by letter."

I nodded.

"Jenny didn't get your letters. I did an awful thing. I intercepted them. She never saw them, and thought you'd forgotten all about her. I did it for the best. I was certain her feelings for you were just a passing infatuation."

"Maybe they were."

"Yes. She soon forgot you, anyway. She took up with Simon again. They had been friends since childhood. He had the money to keep her in the style she was used to. A more suitable match. I was quite relieved when they married."

I said: "Well, that's fine, isn't it? Everyone's happy."

But he continued: "That's what I wasn't sure about. What had I done to you? — that's what worried me."

I smiled. "It's taught you a lesson, anyhow. You can't fool around with the hearts of young lovers and expect to have a clear conscience afterward."

He sighed. "How right you are. But I'm still being selfish, really — I mean, I'm only talking to you like this to soothe my troubled conscience."

I could see traces of uncertainty in his face. "What can I tell you that will send you away really happy?" I asked.

He shrugged and said: "Well, if I knew you had a really happy marriage yourself . . ."

"That's easy!" I took Meg's hand and squeezed it fondly. "Wouldn't you say, sir, that I'd married the prettiest, sweetest little girl in the world?"

Old Mr. Phillimore's face lit up with genuine pleasure. "I'm glad you found the right girl. Looking at her, I'd say you were a very lucky man."

He opened the door and stepped out. His last words were: "Thank you for letting me get that problem off my mind. I'll sleep a lot better now. Goodbye, then, and good luck to you both!"

I looked at Meg. We sat and stared at each other. She said: "You were pretty nice doing that. You were really sorry for that old chap. You wanted him to go away happy—and that's why you invented a cosy little wife, wasn't it?"

It was the way she looked at me, with those warm, tender eyes, that made me realise we were meant for each other. And the funny part is — the thing Meg laughs about now we're married, when Mr. Phillimore tapped on the window, I had known Meg for only two minutes and didn't even know her name.

She had been waiting in the rain for a bus and I'd offered her a lift.

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DRESS SENSE By BETTY KEEP

● The semi-fit A-line dress, shown at right, with its button trim, is my design choice for a dress in colored wool.

HERE is part of the reader's letter and my reply:

"I have 3¼yds. of 36in. wool I would like to make into a tailored one-piece. Would you have a pattern for 34in. bust?"

Illustrated at right is the design you asked about. The dress has long raglan sleeves, a small standing neckline, and a button trim. A paper pattern is available in your size group. (The handkerchief-type hat in self-material is not included in the pattern.) Under the illustration are further details and how to order.

"I have read that a dress with a short divided skirt is a new fashion. Would this be suitable for a girl of 15?"

The suit or dress with a short culotte skirt is just about the newest thing for teenagers.

"Have you a paper pattern for a tuck-in, halter-neck evening blouse? I intend using 36in. material. How much should I buy?"

Our Pattern Department includes a tuck-in blouse with a draped halter neckline. The design exposes the shoulder-line and is fastened at the centre back. The blouse, made in 36in. material, will require 4½yds. To order, please quote Vogue pattern 6793. Price 75c includes postage. Pattern is available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W.

4153. — One-piece dress in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Butterick pattern 4153. Price 70c includes postage. Pattern is available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

HERE are other fashion queries and my replies:

"I never seem to have need for a topcoat, but I would like an idea for a snappy jacket. I am 14 and have a 30in. bust size."

My choice for your age group would be a blazer made in gaily striped wool. Flag colors — red, white, and blue — would be a good choice. Newest accompaniment for a blazer is a hipster skirt and a ribbed T-shirt.

"Is it true that all skirt hemlines should be worn above the knee?"

The current skirt-line is short and getting shorter. However, the length, to some extent, does depend on the wearer's figure, proportions, and age group.

"I generally wear a light-weight girdle, but I find that when I wear trousers the suspenders show. Can you suggest something to solve this problem?"

A pantie girdle with removable suspenders will stay in place and is light and comfortable under slacks.

"I am thinking of buying a pair of gold kid sandals to wear with a late-day dress. I was wondering if they also could be worn with day clothes?"

No. Gold shoes should be worn only after dark with an appropriate party dress or at-home clothes. By the way, if you haven't already bought the shoes, silver is newer than gold.

The right choice for a healthy, happy baby is Carnation Milk

Carnation Evaporated Milk is pure whole milk that contains all the basic essentials for your baby's healthy growth. What's more Carnation is *homogenised* — to make it easier to digest and easier to prepare. Also there is no need to boil Carnation Milk because it is twice *sterilised;* use it straight from the can when you prepare your baby's formula. Ask your Clinic Sister or Doctor for the right formula for your baby. They know the advantages of Carnation Milk for infant feeding.

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Now the Carnation can has a raised rim. It's easy to open with any can opener.

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WITH EVERY TEA BREAK

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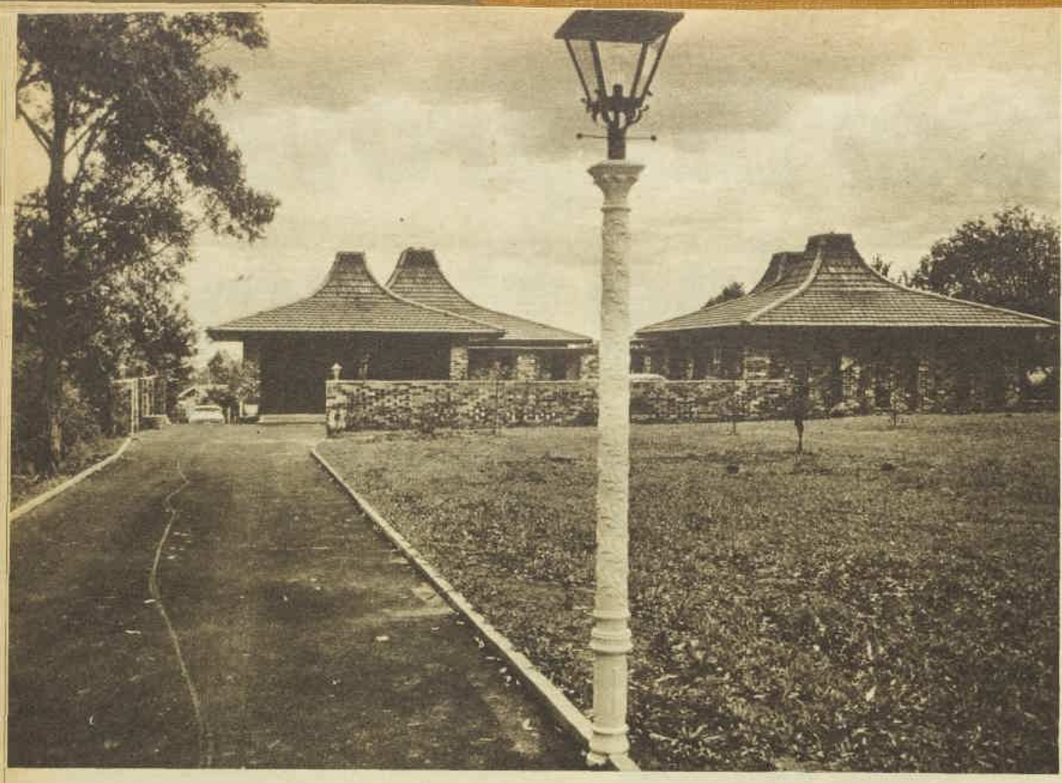


PAGODAS AND PAVILIONS

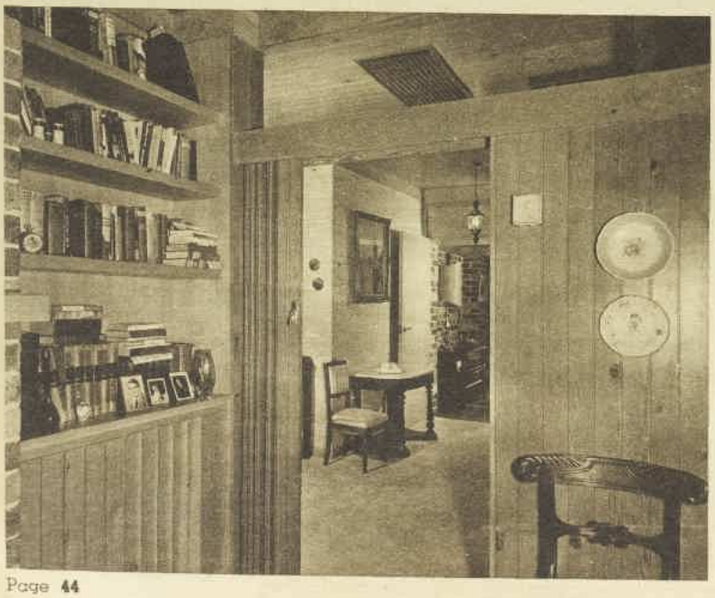
Exterior of Mr. and Mrs. H. Landon Smith's house, St. Ives, N.S.W., with its pagoda-like roofs rising above four separate pavilions. Lamp-post was originally veranda post from a now demolished house at Smedley's Point, Manly, N.S.W.

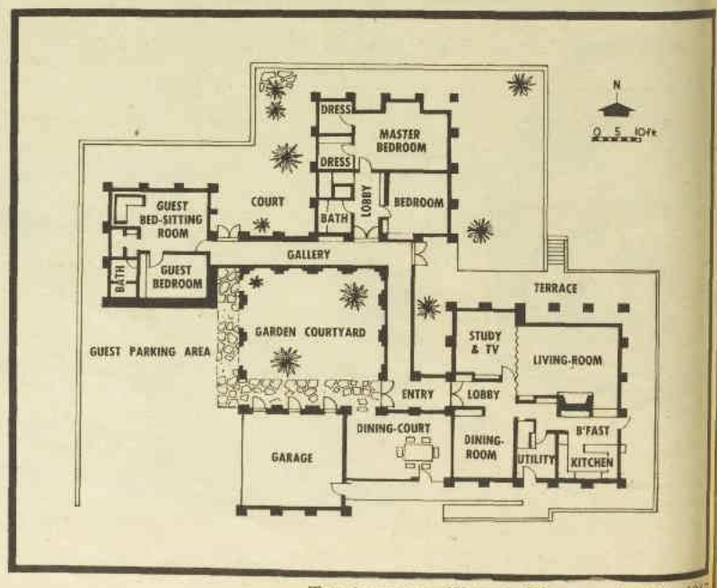
Copper firehood in study is flanked by light-brackets made from old-fashioned piano candelabra; wash-copper on brick hearth holds firewood. Wide windows behind antique desk overlook secluded court.

Corner of sitting-room, which can be closed off from inner hall by a wooden folding door. The dining-room is to the left of the telephone table and the entry hall beyond far door.

● HOUSE OF THE WEEK

Story by Ennis Honey
Pictures by Ron Berg





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View across entrance court to wooden gate in wall of quarry - tiled court adjoining dining-room. At right is garage with wide eaves sheltering path to doors of living pavilion (centre). Main sleeping pavilion is at left.

A HOME where they could enjoy the outdoors in all seasons, have guests to stay in comfort, and where there was space for entertaining under cover outside were some of the requirements listed by Mr. and Mrs. H. Landon Smith when they asked architects Robertson and Hindmarsh to design them a house on a large, gently sloping site at St. Ives, N.S.W.

The resultant design consists of four separate pavilions set on one level, with unusual pagoda-like roofs.

A garage, large enough to accommodate three cars or provide a covered area for garden parties, forms one pavilion. Galleries, with clinker-brick walls, low, beamed timber ceilings, and warm, quiet cork-tiled floor, connect the living pavilion with the main sleeping and guest pavilions.

The guest pavilion is perfect for both guests and hosts. With its own outside entrance and private courtyard, and comprising a double bedroom, bed-sitting-room with two convertible divans, and a bathroom, it is completely self-contained. It even has tea-and-toast-making facilities.

All sections of the house open on to courtyards or terraces. Inside, air-conditioning provides all-seasons comfort. There are also open fireplaces in sitting-room and study.

Features of the country-sized kitchen include a walk-in cupboard for china storage, glass-fronted shelves for easy access to frequently used cooking ingredients, and ventilated cupboards in which hot foods can cool slowly. Two marble slabs, obtained from the old AMP building, are fitted into work counters for pastry boards.

Furniture and treasures Mr. and Mrs. Landon Smith have had since they were first married, or have collected during several trips overseas, fit perfectly into the modern house.

Outside, the manganese-colored roof tiles, stained woodwork, and terracotta quarry tiles on terraces harmonise with the varied reds of the clinker-brick walls. The trussed roofs are all curved and terminate in ventilating caps of stained timber louvres.

Clinker bricks and natural timbers in sitting - room provide warm background for comfortable furniture and treasures collected over the years. Blinds are of the same materials as the curtains.

Furnishings in guests' bed - sitting - room are pleasantly casual — washable loose covers, gay cotton rugs over wall - to - wall Irish jute matting, short check curtains on short windows, long plain curtains on long windows.

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It's a marvellous way to buy the creamy goodness of Sunshine . . and Sunshine is always fresh, because it's always packed in the protection of steel.
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BISCUITS

Inside every Sunshine canister there are two handy labels. Collect the set of six (BISCUITS, FLOUR, RICE, TEA, COFFEE, SUGAR) and use them on your empty Sunshine canisters for the happiest kitchen set you've ever seen!

SUNSHINE SCONES

8 oz. S.R. flour	Pinch salt
2 lev. tbsp. SUNSHINE	1-2 oz. butter
Full Cream Powdered Milk	¼ cup water approximately

Sift together flour, Sunshine and salt. Rub in butter. Mix in enough water to make a soft dough. Place on a lightly floured board. Knead lightly. Roll or pat out to ¾" thickness. Cut into required shapes and bake in a hot oven for 10-15 minutes until golden brown.

NESTLÉ'S SUNSHINE FULL-CREAM POWDERED MILK

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ROAST DINNERS

● For family meals or when you're entertaining, there's nothing quite so good to eat, so heartily satisfying, as a well-cooked hot roast dinner — whether your choice be beef, lamb, veal, or pork.

COFFEE TIPSY PIE has a luscious and creamy filling. This dessert can be prepared the day before it is to be served.

ROAST LEG OF PORK, with a crisp, golden crackling, is served with baked apples, broccoli, and a dish of scalloped potatoes.

Recipes from our Leila Howard Test Kitchen

FOUR roast dinners are given in this cookery feature. They are complete with a choice of vegetable accompaniments, first courses, and desserts. The first courses and desserts can be prepared beforehand, enabling you to be an unhurried hostess.

THE FIRST COURSE

Begin your dinner by serving a delicious chilled soup, or a pate or some eggs topped with caviar.

ICED AVOCADO SOUP

1 large ripe avocado
little lemon juice
2 cans consomme madrilene
chopped parsley or chives
1 cup sour cream
salt, cayenne
1 teaspoon grated onion

Halve avocado and scoop out flesh. Mash with lemon juice (or puree in electric blender). Warm soup slightly and combine with avocado and sour cream. Season to taste with salt and cayenne, add grated onion; chill well. At serving time, spoon into chilled consomme cups. Top each with sprinkling of chopped parsley or chives.

CHILLED CUCUMBER SOUP

2 cucumbers
1 tablespoon butter
1 leek, sliced (white part only)
1 bayleaf
1 dessertspoon flour
3 cups chicken stock
1 teaspoon water
1 extra cucumber
1 cup cream
juice ½ lemon
1 teaspoon finely chopped dill or mint
salt, pepper

Peel and chop the 2 cucumbers, remove seeds. Saute cucumbers gently in butter with leek and bayleaf 20 minutes or until tender but not browned. Stir in flour, then slowly add chicken stock, stirring constantly until thickened. Add salt, simmer gently 30 minutes. Cool, strain through fine sieve or put through blender; chill. Peel, seed, and grate extra cucumber, add to soup with cream and lemon juice; mix well, correct seasoning with salt and pepper, stir in dill or mint. Chill in refrigerator at least 30 minutes. Serve icy cold with, if desired, a dollop of sour cream on top of each bowl.

CHICKEN LIVER PATE

1 onion, chopped
1 clove garlic, crushed
3oz. butter
½lb. chicken livers
little chopped parsley
1 bayleaf, crumbled
pinch dried thyme
salt and pepper
1 dessertspoon brandy

Melt 1oz. of the butter, add onion and garlic, cook until softened. Add livers, saute 2 or 3 minutes. Sprinkle with herbs and seasonings, cook another minute, then cool, chop, and pound in a mortar or puree in electric blender. Melt remaining butter, add to mixture with the brandy. Pack into mould and chill. Serve with toast triangles and butter.

EGG MAYONNAISE WITH CAVIAR

6 hard-boiled eggs
lettuce leaves
mayonnaise
4oz. jar black caviar
brown bread and butter
lemon wedges

Shell eggs, cut in halves. Arrange on lettuce leaves on individual serving dishes, allowing 1 egg per person. Spoon generous portion of mayonnaise over each egg, top with a spoonful of caviar. Serve with brown bread and butter, and lemon wedges.

THE ROAST

Cooking times given for these joints are approximate only. They will depend on the thickness of the meat.

ROAST PORK

1 small leg of pork or fillet cut from leg (4-5lb.)
salt
ground ginger
oil

Ask your butcher to score the pork rind well. Place roast in well-oiled baking dish. Rub skin with generous amount of salt and little ground ginger. (The salt will ensure crisp crackling.) Roast in hot oven 20 minutes, then reduce heat to moderate; continue cooking until meat is well browned and tender, allowing 25 to 30 minutes per lb. cooking time. Make a thin gravy from the pan drippings; serve pork with gravy and baked apples or apple sauce.

Quantities given in the recipes in this cookery feature will serve four to six.
Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used.

BAKED APPLES

medium-sized red apples
sultanas
sugar
little cold water

Wash apples well, remove cores. With small sharp knife cut through skin round centre of apples — this prevents them bursting during cooking. Place apples in lightly greased baking dish, fill centres with sultanas; spoon a little sugar into centre of each apple. Put 2 or 3 tablespoons of water in baking dish.

Bake in moderately hot oven approximately 30 minutes, or until tender when centres are tested with skewer.

APPLE SAUCE

15oz. can pie apple
juice ½ lemon
1 teaspoon finely chopped preserved ginger
½ teaspoon cinnamon
sugar to taste
1oz. butter

Pass apple through sieve or puree in electric blender. Place in saucepan with lemon juice, cinnamon, sugar, and butter. Heat gently, stirring; add ginger. Serve with the roast pork.

ROAST LAMB

1 leg lamb
pepper
1 large slivered clove garlic
few sprigs fresh rosemary or a little dried rosemary
oil or dripping

Ask your butcher to bone the leg of lamb. Insert garlic slivers and rosemary in centre of roast, form into neat roll, tie with string to secure. Place in baking dish, sprinkle with pepper. Pour over a little oil or melted dripping, roast in moderately hot oven 20 minutes; reduce heat to moderate, cook until lamb is well browned and tender. Allow 20 to 25 minutes per lb. cooking time. At serving time, carve into thickish slices. Spoon over meat juices or make thin gravy. Serve with red currant jelly or mint jelly.

Continued overleaf

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ROAST VEAL FINES HERBES

1 fillet of veal (about 4lb.)
4oz. melted butter
½ cup dry white wine
2 tablespoons each chopped parsley and chives
little stock or water
salt and pepper

Wipe meat, place in baking dish. Combine remaining ingredients and pour over. Place in moderate oven, cook until meat is tender and well browned, basting frequently with pan juices. Allow 25 to 30 minutes per lb. cooking time. Transfer veal to serving platter. Add little water or stock to pan juices, from which excess fat has been removed. Bring to boil, stirring. Simmer a few minutes, season to taste. Serve with the roast veal.

ROAST BEEF

1 sirloin of beef (about 5lb. on bone)
prepared mustard
little pepper
oil

Wipe roast, spread cut surfaces with prepared mustard. Place in baking dish, sprinkle with a little pepper. Pour over a little oil. Roast in moderately hot oven 20 minutes, then reduce heat to moderate and continue cooking until meat is cooked to taste. Allow 15 minutes per lb. cooking time for rare meat, 20 minutes per lb. for medium. Serve with Yorkshire pudding. Spoon over pan juices.

YORKSHIRE PUDDING

1 cup plain flour
pinch salt
2 eggs
milk
drippings from roast

Sift flour and salt into basin. Beat in eggs, then add sufficient milk to make fairly thin batter, beating until smooth and free from lumps. Cover, refrigerate about 1 hour. Pour approximately ¼ cup of drippings from roast beef into shallow tin or pie dish; heat until sizzling. Beat the chilled batter vigorously a few times, then pour into tin. Bake in hot oven 20 to 25 minutes, when pudding should be puffed and golden brown. Cut into squares to serve.

THE VEGETABLES

Vegetables prepared in a different, out-of-the-ordinary way are delicious, and can be a conversation piece at a meal.

SCALLOPED POTATOES

2lb. potatoes
1 finely chopped onion
salt and pepper
¼ pint cream
¼ pint milk
butter
chopped parsley

Peel potatoes and slice thinly. Rinse slices under cold running water; pat dry. Grease shallow ovenproof dish, arrange potatoes in dish in layers, sprinkling each with little chopped onion, salt and pepper. Pour over cream and milk, dot with little butter. Bake in moderate oven about 1½ hours or until potatoes are tender and top is golden brown. Sprinkle with a little chopped parsley before serving.

SOUR CREAM POTATOES

This is a slightly different and delightful version of scalloped potatoes, using sour cream.

2lb. potatoes
½ bunch shallots
butter
½ pint sour cream
2 cloves garlic, crushed
pepper and salt

Peel potatoes, slice them thinly; chop shallots finely. Butter shallow ovenproof dish. Mix garlic into sour cream and spoon a little into the dish, making a smooth layer. Arrange potatoes and shallots in layers, sprinkling each layer with pepper and salt and spooning sour cream over. Finish with potatoes, sprinkle with salt and pepper; place knobs of butter over potatoes. Bake in moderate oven 1½ hours or until potatoes are tender and top is golden.

BROCCOLI

1½lb. broccoli or 2 packets frozen broccoli
boiling salted water
1 dessertspoon butter
1 tablespoon lemon juice
1 crushed clove garlic
salt and pepper

Trim broccoli, discarding large coarse leaves and tough parts of stalks; split stems. Form broccoli into a bunch, secure with string. Place, stalks downward, in little boiling salted water, add garlic; cook, covered, until tender, about 15 minutes. (Cook frozen broccoli according to directions given on packet.) Drain, return to pan with remaining ingredients. Toss until well blended.

BUTTERED ZUCCHINI

1½lb. baby zucchini
boiling salted water
2oz. butter
pepper, salt

Wash and trim stems from zucchini, then cook whole and unpeeled in boiling water until just tender. Drain, toss in melted butter. Season with pepper and salt.

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GREEN BEANS WITH ALMONDS

1-1¼lb. young green beans
boiling salted water
2oz. butter
salt and pepper
¼ cup toasted slivered almonds

Top, tail, and string beans. Cook in little boiling, salted water until tender (about 15 minutes). Drain, return to pan with butter, salt, and pepper. Add almonds, toss lightly.

DESSERTS

These are light and creamy desserts; they make a pleasant ending to the roast dinner.

COFFEE TIPSY PIE

PASTRY

4oz. butter or substitute
¼ cup sifted pure icing sugar
¼ cup finely chopped walnuts
1¼ cups plain flour

FILLING

3 dessertspoons gelatine
¼ cup cold water
1¼ cups hot water
1 tablespoon instant coffee
2 eggs, separated
¾ cup sugar
1 tablespoon whisky, brandy or rum
4oz. package cream cheese
whipped cream flavored with whisky, brandy or rum
chocolate curls

Pastry: Cream butter and icing sugar, add chopped walnuts and blend in sifted flour. Knead on lightly floured board, roll out to ⅛in. thickness. Line 9in. pie dish, flute edges and prick base with fork. Bake in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes; allow to cool.

Filling: Soften gelatine in cold water, add hot water and instant coffee, stir until gelatine has dissolved. Beat together egg-yolks and ¼ cup of the sugar until light and fluffy; add to the slightly cooled coffee mixture with whisky, brandy or rum. Mix well. Refrigerate until the consistency of unbeaten egg-whites.

Beat cream cheese with remaining sugar until soft. Gradually add coffee mixture. Fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites, pour into prepared pastry case, refrigerate.

Just before serving decorate with the whipped cream and chocolate curls.

CREME DE MENTHE ICE

½ teaspoon gelatine
1 dessertspoon cold water
¾ cup sugar
2 cups extra cold water
30 fresh mint leaves
½ cup lemon juice
2 tablespoons creme de menthe liqueur
few drops green food coloring
2 egg-whites

Soak gelatine in 1 dessertspoon cold water. Place sugar and extra water in saucepan, stir over gentle heat until sugar has dissolved. Bring to boil, and boil 5 minutes. Remove from heat, stir in softened gelatine. Place mint leaves in electric blender with the lemon juice, blend a few seconds. Strain, add liquid to prepared sugar syrup. Add creme de menthe and green food coloring. Pour into refrigerator trays and freeze until mushy (about 1½ hours). Turn into bowl, beat with rotary beater. Fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites, beat again. Return to refrigerator trays, continue freezing until set completely. Serve in chilled glasses.

LEMON MOUSSE

1 tablespoon gelatine
2 tablespoons cold water
2½ cups sugar
1 cup boiling water
2 cups milk
juice 3 lemons
1 dessertspoon grated lemon rind
3 cups cream
1 egg-white

Soften the gelatine in cold water, add sugar and boiling water. Stir until sugar and gelatine have dissolved. Add the milk, allow to cool. Stir in lemon juice and rind. Pour into refrigerator trays, freeze until almost firm but still mushy. Beat the cream until thick, fold in stiffly beaten egg-white, refrigerate. Turn the partially frozen lemon mixture into chilled mixing bowl, beat 3 minutes, then fold in cream and egg-white mixture. Return to refrigerator trays, freeze until set completely.

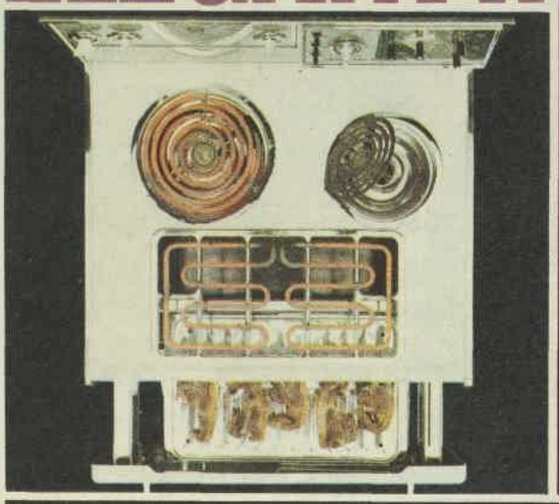
PEARS FLAMBE

1 large brick vanilla ice-cream
1½cups sugar
1 cup water
1 teaspoon vanilla
6 firm ripe pears
½ cup sieved apricot jam
¼ cup rum

First soften ice-cream slightly and spread on to flat serving dish to form a base. Cover with aluminium foil, refreeze. Boil together the sugar, water, and vanilla 3 to 4 minutes. Peel the pears, leaving them whole with stems intact. Poach pears, 2 or 3 at a time, in the syrup 5 to 8 minutes or until just tender; drain and keep warm. Mix 1 cup of the syrup with apricot jam, simmer until sauce is smooth and slightly reduced; keep warm.

At serving time, quickly arrange pears on ice-cream, spoon over warm apricot sauce. Heat rum, ignite, pour over pears; serve at once.

SIMPSON ELECTRIC! ELEGANT!!



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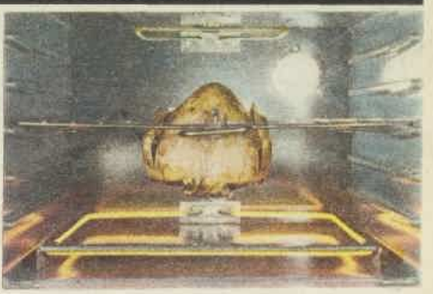

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OVENS THAT THINK FOR THEMSELVES!

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For teenagers

WON WITH FIRST DISC

• It was rehearsal time for the "Bandstand" show—stage hands shifting props, dancers practising new steps, lights being adjusted, and, in the middle of the studio, a little girl with a powerful husky voice singing a number.

BEV HARRELL . . . first show at five.

THE petite blonde who was belting out the song is 18-year-old Bev Harrell, from Adelaide, the latest "find" in the pop world. She recently won the coveted "Best Female Recording Artist of 1966" award with a record which wasn't even released until December 8 last year.

In 23 days Bev managed to out-sing dozens of other Australian female vocalists with her first record, "What Am I Doing With You?" and to become one of the most sought-after young singers.

In contrast to her singing voice, Bev is quiet and softly spoken — and still a little bewildered by her success.

"When I heard about the award I couldn't stop shaking — my legs and arms just went limp," she said.

"I had to make a speech and it was awful. My throat was so dry and I was talking and thinking at the same time."

'Always nervous'

Bev is now appearing with Herb Alpert and the Tijuana Brass as they tour Australia. "I am very excited about it — it is my first adult concert with overseas artists," said Bev.

"I'm nervous — I always am. But I think everyone gets stage-fright."

Bev's singing career started at the age of five when she won a newcomers' competition on a children's radio program. The song she sang was "Sweet Old-Fashioned Girl," and she still has a recording of it.

"You should hear it — it's funny," said Bev.

"I appeared on the program quite a bit until I was six. Then I 'retired' — there's not much a six-year-old can do!"

Bev began singing again about 18 months ago, as the resident vocalist with a 10-piece band twice a week at a teenage club in Adelaide.

Singing was still a part-time profession at this stage. By day she worked as a shorthand typist and ledger machinist with a wholesale firm.

Then her big break came. Her manager sent a tape of Bev's singing to a record company and a contract followed.

She came to Sydney for club engagements and was soon busy with these, and with television appearances in Sydney and Melbourne.

Bev's first big concert was with the Rolling Stones in Adelaide, during their Australian tour early last year.

Musical family

"I did two shows with them. I like some of their music, and enjoyed the work very much."

Bev's not the only singer in the Harrell family. Her youngest sister, ten-year-old Marilyn, recently won a scholarship to study at the Adelaide College of Music for two years.

"Mum can sing, too, but she's too shy. She also plays the piano by ear, and so can Marilyn. I can't — I'm trying to learn at the moment.

"We're a very close family and I do miss them. I spend a fortune on trunk calls home," said Bev.

Bev, only 4ft. 9in., likes clothes with a mod touch and wears her hair in a short "with it" style.

"Unfortunately, I have to get most of my clothes made, as I take a children's size 13 and don't want to look too childish.

"I have only ever bought two adult-size dresses and they were too much trouble. I had to practically remake them to fit me."

Bev's ultimate ambition is to go on the stage, and she is learning jazz ballet at present.

"I would like to be in a musical — so I could sing AND dance."

— JACKIE LEE LEWES

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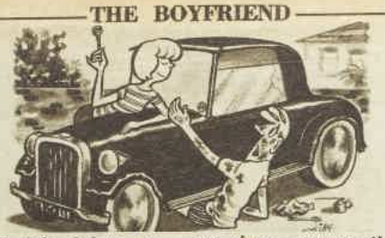
THE BOYFRIEND



"All right, I love you — now please pass me that spanner!"

(Advertisement)

Give Your Complexion Year-round Beauty

Margaret Merril Beauty Skin Care Consultant.

CARE of your skin from day to day is what produces an all-the-year-round complexion loveliness. Follow the fundamental beauty rules, observe them faithfully, and try some of these special suggestions to reap the rich reward of a complexion that is always smooth, dewy, and flawless.

Constantly Lovely

KEEP your complexion constantly beautiful by anointing the skin every day with a film of tropical moist oil. This unique beauty fluid is important to every type of complexion because it assists nature in the maintenance of a natural oil and moisture balance on the skin surface. Stroke the moist oil of Ulan in an upward direction from the neck until the entire complexion is covered with a lovely, dew-like film. Used as a powder-base, you will find that oil of Ulan not only beautifies and protects the skin against drying, wrinkle-making effects of the weather, but ensures that your make-up smooths on evenly and has a remarkably finer finish.

Tender Care For Eyes

THE tissue-thin skin area surrounding your eyes needs the gentlest and tenderest of care. Finger-pat moist oil of Ulan around the eyes before you apply make-up, working from the nose and over the upper eyelid, then down and round the eyes toward the nose again. The special isotonic properties of the tropical beauty fluid make it invaluable for keeping wrinkle-dryness at bay and protecting the youthful appearance of pretty eyes.

Radiance and Sparkle

REVIVE your skin at least once a day by lightly patting it with a pad soaked in lemon Delph freshener. Nothing is more rewarding in getting circulation moving and bringing fresh color to the cheeks. Pat the skin in an upward direction from the base of neck to chin and from cheeks to nose and hairline. Be gentle around the eyes, but use a firm, slapping movement all along the jawline. Lemon Delph freshener has all the natural toning, cleansing and refining properties of special beauty lemons and gives the skin a lovely sparkle.

Petal-Pretty Complexion

COOLER weather invariably indicates a keener program for the woman who wishes to cherish the soft, petal-pretty appearance of her complexion. Always use a make-up that will bring a flattering radiance to your face and base it entirely on a sub-foundation of moist, tropical oil to ensure that the skin becomes clearer, smoother, and more youthful looking. Smooth the oil of Ulan generously over the skin to nourish and beautify the complexion throughout the day.

LETTERS

Letters must be signed, and preference is given to writers who do not use pen-names. Send them to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney. We pay $2 for each letter used.

Anyone for Japanese?

● *Not long ago at the Townsville State High School, Japanese was offered as an extra subject for Grade 8. To take it would mean losing three periods: Physical education, health and group activities. Even so, I decided to take this subject, not because I'm brainy, but because Japanese will be useful in later years, as more and more trade agreements come into being between Australia and the Asian countries.*

—GLENN CRUMMY, Townsville, Qld.

DIM VIEW

■ **Are you one of those people who worry about their teeth? I am. Mine are far from perfect and I'm often too ashamed to smile, knowing what people will think of my teeth. When I was young I ignored the rules about cleaning one's teeth after every meal, and I've learnt my lesson the painful way. So look after your teeth carefully and visit the dentist regularly for check-ups. Good teeth are important to both health and appearance.** "Remorseful," Blackwood, S.A.

"Play more local singers!"

THE reason why a lot of teenagers like to hear local artists played on the air is because they want to get to know them. But most disc jockeys play all overseas songs. Lately the only Australian artists heard on radio stations are Johnny Young and Normie Rowe. Artists like Tony Worsley, Ray Brown and Mike Furber are seldom heard. If a new record of theirs is released it is played for about a week and never heard again. — *Catherine Scarfe, Rhodes, N.S.W.*

ROUND ROBIN

Adair

GIRLS WILL BE GIRLS

I HAD a particularly angry letter from a naf (you know, the opposite to a fan — I've got a lot of 'em) the other day.

She took me to task for the manner in which I label girls.

She wrote: "I'm sick and tired of you calling us birds, belles, lasses, dolls, chicks, cuties, etc.

"What's wrong with plain girls?"

Well, she could have phrased that last sentence differently — but the point is well taken.

Actually, I've long been aware of girls' (that better, dear?) antipathy to nicknames and labels.

And, spurred on by the letter, I have just completed a survey that shows the order of disapproval.

Top of the "miss" parade is, without a doubt, "sheila."

"Broad" runs a close second worst, broadly speaking.

Next, girls seem to reckon that "birds" is for just that.

"Charlie" isn't their darling, either.

("It's so unflattering," one girl said to me. "How would a boy like it if I called him a 'Charlotte'?")

There are, apparently, two views on "doll" (or "dolly").

It's all right to use it as a compliment — for example, "What a doll!"

But in labels such as "Hello, doll" it's out.

So there you are, males.

Call 'em girls, avoid the names I've listed, and they'll think you're nice guys.

Correction, nice **boys.**

We've got our pride, too, you know!

BEAUTY IN BRIEF

THE KEY TO PRETTY HAIR

YOUR SCALP is a continuation of your face and needs proper cleansing and stimulation.

Hair-conditioning treatments give the hair a boost in color and shine. Your hairdresser can give you a warm oil treatment, or you can do it yourself at home.

Simply massage your scalp all over with warm olive oil until it tingles. Then cover your head with a hot towel, leave it for ten minutes or so, and shampoo.

Choose a shampoo that is designed to suit your particular hair condition — normal, dry, oily or dandruff-disposed. A good shampoo not only cleans but imparts an eye-catcing sheen to your crowning glory.

Generally speaking, dry hair may be washed every ten days; oily hair usually needs washing more often.

After the shampoo give yourself three changes of rinsing water, or invest in a hairspray. Hair that squeaks with cleanliness is your aim.

Brush dry hair with long, even strokes of the brush. Then rub it with a silk handkerchief or scarf for additional shine.

—Carolyn Earle

Teenagers alone

ADULTS are frequently heard complaining about irresponsible teenagers, and, from my own experience, I am forced to agree with them. It wasn't until I began living on my own that I became aware of the value of money. Why don't more teenagers leave home and fend for themselves? I have now become an adequate cook and financier. I also read and study more, as living by myself I can no longer rely on others for company. This must certainly build my character and independence. — *"Bachelor Girl," St. Kilda, Vic.*

□

WHO says the teenage generation is eyed with suspicion and distrust by older people? I am 17 and my brother is 20. Our parents trust us implicitly, it seems, as they quite often go away for a short while, leaving us alone. Naturally, we joke about the supposed orgies we have during their absence. But they know, and we know, that during these times our behaviour is much better, in fact, than when they are home. I am sure other teenagers will agree that when we are given a responsibility we usually try to fulfil it. — Julie Norris, Toowong, Qld.

□

You'll be sorry!

THE wildlife of Australia is beautiful and unique. But it is being fast exterminated. How could people kill these wonderful animals? An American friend of mine once wrote to me, "We killed our buffalo, and now we are sorry. You stop killing your wildlife before it's too late." So, people of Australia, instead of exterminating our animals, be proud of them. — *"Wildlife Preserver," Tamworth, N.S.W.*

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HELPING HAND OFFERED

"I AM 15. During the Christmas holidays we went to Tasmania, where we visited some old family friends. They have a son my age, who is extremely shy. I was sorry for him, as I myself had an inferiority complex, and would like to help him in some small way to overcome this — perhaps by writing to him. Do you think this would be wise? If so, can you suggest what I would say in my first letter? I have a boyfriend, so I am not chasing this boy. I would just like to be his friend, and show him what girls are really like."

"Penfriend," Vic.

● No, I don't think it would be wise to write to him. While I fully appreciate your good intentions, you might give him the feeling that you are sorry for him, thus making him even more aware of his shyness and lack of confidence. If, despite this, you decide to write, keep the tone of your letter light; discuss your current favorites in TV programs, books, etc. And don't forget to tell him about your boyfriend.

No licence for love

"I HAVE been going out with a boy for over three months and we like each other a lot. Recently he lost his driver's licence for three months and he wants me to go out to his place by bus to drive his car so that we can go out. He refuses to come out to see me by bus. Do you think I should do this, or will he think I am chasing him?"

"Undecided," W.A.

● I can't see that this boy would think you're chasing him if you do as he asks. While it's easier to go places in a car, and I get the point, surely it wouldn't hurt His Majesty to travel in a bus and visit you now and again. You'd better straighten this out right now, or next time he'll be expecting you to clean his boots.

BEATNIK

What is remembered

"I AM in love with a very nice boy. I had been going steady with him for about 18 months when we had an argument. We refused to speak to each other for about four months. Now he says he is sorry and we have made it up, but he doesn't seem himself. He seldom speaks unless I speak first, and he NEVER takes me out any more. What should I do?"

"Heartbroken," Qld.

● You give no clues as to what caused the estrangement, but I feel something hurtful may have been said during the argument, something that this boy cannot completely forget, even though he came back to you. (Have you thought that perhaps he only did come back out of habit? After all, 18 months is quite a long time to go steady!) The wisest course would be to have it out.

Second-hand Rose

"I AM 14, and my mother is always bringing home dresses that her friends have given her. If they fit me she expects me to wear them. Some of them are very old-fashioned, and not the type of in-gear clothes that I'm used to wearing. How can I let her know, without hurting her, that these clothes are not worn by teenagers these days?"

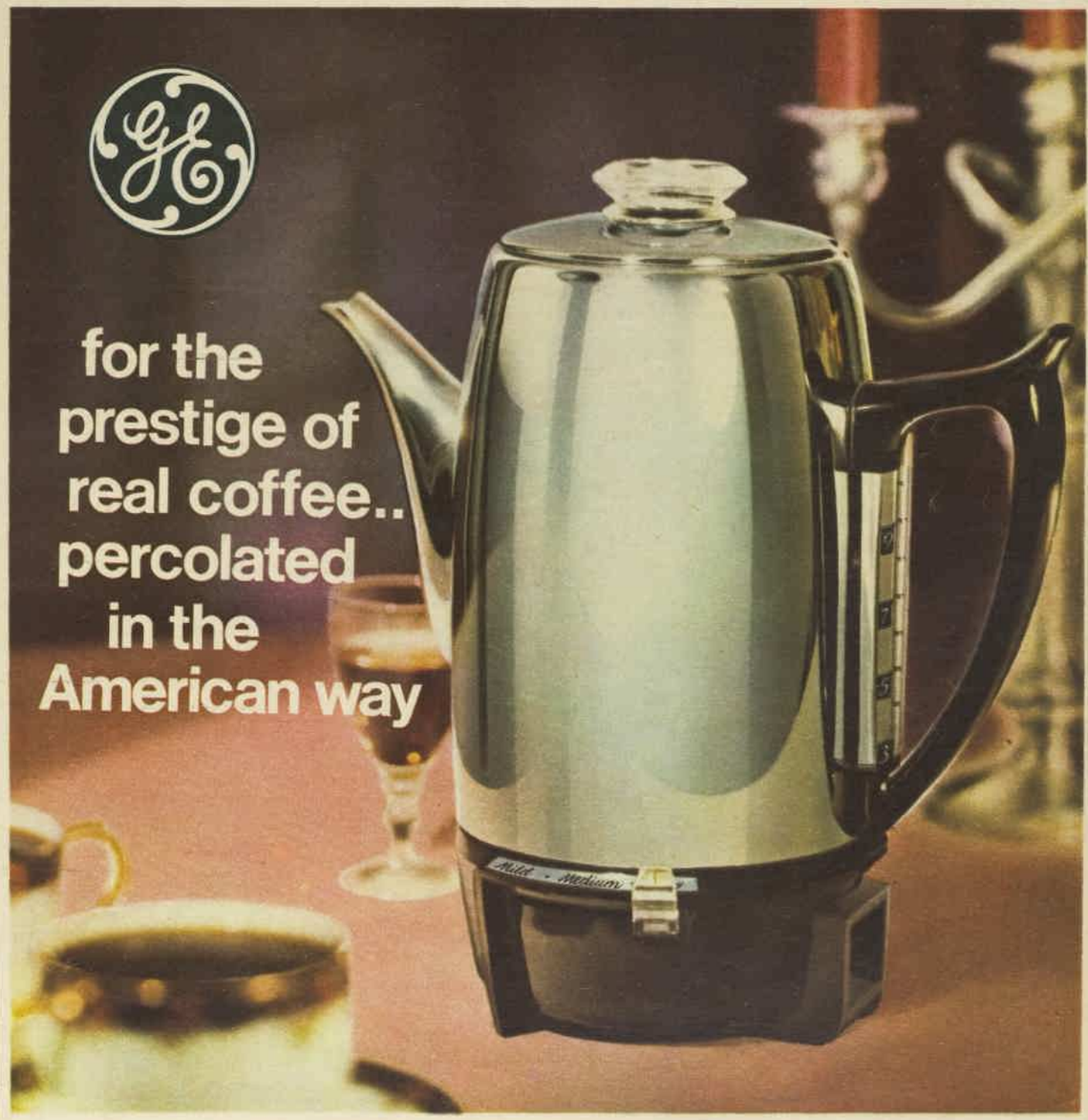
"Old-fashioned," N.S.W.

● Next time you try on one of these dresses for your mother, quietly suggest a few simple alterations, like cut-outs, or a raised hem, or even a change of color. Point out that they would give the second-hand garment a fashion lift, then show her one or two mod features of your in-gear clothes, which could be copied. It won't be long before you will have made your point clear without hurting her.

HERE'S YOUR ANSWER

(from Louise Hunter)

● Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender are given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.



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AS I READ THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting April 5.

ARIES
MAR. 21-APR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 8. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Thurs., Saturday.

★ You could jump to wrong conclusions at the weekend and there's a spot of financial muddle involving a friend. Rest of week is good — especially the social round. Finances benefit 7th, 10th.

TAURUS
APR. 21-MAY 20
★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, blue, grey. Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.

★ The love star — and your guiding star — is in your own sign, and keeps a busy schedule. Felicitous focus on romance except on the 9th, when there will be false glamor in the afternoon.

GEMINI
MAY 21-JUNE 21
★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, orange, tan. Lucky days, Monday, Tuesday.

★ This is a busy week with plenty of change of pace — which should satisfy your fondness for the new. Weekend is upsetting — but influences help finance, important letters, new ventures.

CANCER
JUNE 22-JULY 22
★ Lucky number this week, 9. Gambling colors, blue, green. Lucky days, Sunday, Tuesday.

★ If you are thinking of motoring at the weekend, watch out for erratic influences that could lead to haywire decisions. For the rest, there are a lot of good stars — the 7th and 10th are excellent.

LEO
JULY 23-AUG. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 5. Gambling colors, red, gold. Lucky days, Sunday, Monday.

★ There's a lot of action in the heavens — mostly beneficial — that helps you plan new projects successfully. 5th, 7th, and 10th are fine. Weekend is to be handled with care. Watch finances.

VIRGO
AUG. 23-SEPT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 6. Gambling colors, lilac, grey. Lucky days, Wed., Friday.

★ The week is like a sandwich of first-rate bread with a nasty filling. Weekend is edgy and muddling and could affect your image. Use care travelling. Good news on the home front and in career.

LIBRA
SEPT. 24-OCT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, rose, lilac. Lucky days, Wed., Tuesday.

★ The 10th and 11th are more than usually lottery lucky for you, so invest solo or with another Libran or Aquarian if possible. You'll need that love of balance at the weekend.

SCORPIO
OCT. 24-NOV. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, black, green. Lucky days, Thurs., Monday.

★ Your popularity could rate high. Weekend is adverse for romance and you'll need your detective instinct. However, the stars compensate for you, 10th and 11th.

SAGITTARIUS
NOV. 23-DEC. 21
★ Lucky number this week, 8. Gambling colors, black, red. Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.

★ Sagittarians are inclined to trust to luck — and can do so with confidence on the 5th, 7th, and 10th — but not on the 9th. The 8th is a day for routine and care.

CAPRICORN
DEC. 22-JAN. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 5. Gambling colors, silver, red. Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.

★ If it's romance that's out of the ordinary you are looking for, then there's every chance of coming into contact with an interesting charmer. Weekend is adverse, but 10th and 11th are good days.

AQUARIUS
JAN. 21-FEB. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 6. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Monday, Tuesday.

★ All to do with marriage and partnership comes under smiling stars — except on Sunday, when there could be intrigue. 10th and 11th are wonderful for launching an inspired project.

PISCES
FEB. 20-MAR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling colors, rose, navy. Lucky days, Thurs., Friday.

★ Walk quietly and circumspectly at the weekend. It's a good time to lighten work in the home and to push yourself — some Pisceans are a little diffident. 10th could provide glamor.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

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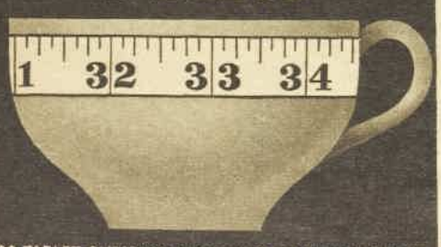

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FST 6A

my shame, I had not seen her for twelve years. I had left Cork before she came to live there and returned only once, for my mother's funeral. I was now married and living in Dublin.

It had taken me weeks of letter-writing, back and forth, to persuade her to invest her legacy, and I was delighted when she agreed, because I knew that if she didn't invest it, she would either scatter it in dribs and drabs, or hide it in some corner of her room and not remember where before the mice had chewed it into confetti.

Mel described their interview to me in a long, amusing letter. He accepted the envelope "with measured ceremony." He gave her his best advice "like a pontiff." He explained to her that the sum was too small for an annuity, and she was too old for growth shares, so he must advise her to buy eight per cent preference shares in a good company.

He refused to charge her his usual stockbroker's fee and, kindest act of all, told her that, instead of waiting from one six-month period to the next for her modest dividends (£28 a year), she might come into the office on the first of every month, and his chief clerk would pay her £28 per annum in twelve equal portions.

She accepted his offer "like a queen." I could henceforth be happy to think of her toddling into Meldrum, Guy and Meldrum on the first of every month, smiling and bobbing under her black, spangled bonnet and departing, amid the pleased smiles of everybody in the office, with her six shillings and eight pennies, wrapped in two single pound notes, clasped in her gloved fist.

I sent Mel my cordial thanks and thought no more about her until exactly one year later, when he wrote me that she had ordered him to sell her shares. It appeared that she had become smitten by a sudden longing to possess a blue brocade armchair she had seen in the window of a store. It appeared further that, for months, "a certain Mrs. Bastable and a certain Mrs. Sealy," two old cronies as doddering as herself, had been telling her that nobody but "a born foolah" would leave "all that lovely money" lying idle in Mister Meldrum's fine office on the South Mall.

It was easy enough to imagine how these two tempters worked on her: "Sure, Miss Whelan, you could buy all the armchairs in Cork with that much money! And look at your poor ould room, with the paint falling off the ceiling like snow! And your poor ould curtains in tathers on yer winda! Why don't you buy an electric heater that would keep you warm all the winter? And two grand, soft Blarney blankets for your bed? And a nice pink eiderdown blanket?

"And, anyway, sure that measly ould two quid that Meldrum gives you wouldn't buy a dead cat! And supposing yeh die? What'll happen it then? Get ahold of your money, girl, and spend it!"

Mel counter-argued and counter-pleaded. I pleaded. I got her parish priest to plead with her. I even offered to buy her the brocade armchair as a present. It was no use. Mel sold her shares, gave her a cheque for £350, wished her well, and we both washed our hands of her.

I next got a long and slightly testy letter from Mel. It began: "Your good Aunty Anna has this morning turned up again in my office, calmly

DIVIDENDS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

asking my chief clerk for what she calls, if you please, her little divvies."

In dismay, he had gone out to talk to her himself. "But, Miss Whelan, you've sold your shares! Don't you remember?"

Aunt Anna Maria smiled cunningly at him. "Ah, yes!" she agreed. "But I didn't sell my little divvies!"

"But," Mel said, "your dividends accrued from the capital sum you invested. Once a client sells his shares, he withdraws the capital, and there can be no more dividends. Surely you understand that?"

At once, Aunty Anna's smile vanished. A dark fright started at the bottom of her chin and climbed slowly up to her eyes. "Mister Meldrum, you know well that I didn't sell me little divvies. I want me little divvies. You always gave me them. They belong to me. Why can't you give them to me now, the way you always gave me them?"

"Miss Whelan, when a client sells his shares, they are gone. And when they are gone, the dividends naturally cease forthwith. You instructed me to sell. I did so. I gave you back your money in a lump sum. If you now wish to give me back that lump sum, I shall be most happy to buy you more shares, and your dividends will begin again. Otherwise, we don't have anything for you."

Aunty Anna burst into a flood of tears. "What do I want with shares? All I want is me little divvies. And anyway, I haven't the money you gave me. I bought an armchair with it, and an electric heater, and a costume from Dowden's, and I gave fifty pounds to the canon to say Masses for my poor soul when I'm dead, and I loaned ten quid to Mrs. Bastable on the ground floor, and ten quid to Mrs. Sealy on the third floor back, and what with this and that and the other, all I have left is a few quid, and I don't know where I put 'em.

"I'd lay down the life I put 'em in the brown teapot on the top shelf, but when I went looking for them yesterday, I couldn't find them high nor low. Mrs. Sealy says I must have made tea with them, but I tell you, Mister Meldrum, I wouldn't trust that one as far as I'd throw her. Mister Meldrum, give me me little divvies. I want me little divvies. They're all I have to live on now, barring that mangy old pension. I want me divvies here and now, if you please, or I'll go out there in the street and call a policeman!"

Mel led her gently into his inner sanctum, together with his bookkeeper, and the two of them spent an hour explaining to her, in every way they could think of, the difference between shares and dividends. They might as well have been talking to the carpet. Aunty Anna just could not understand that he who does not speculate cannot accumulate.

The upshot of it was that she became so upset, and Mel became so angry with her, and then so upset because he had so upset her, that, to comfort her, he took £2/6/8 out of his pocket — the equivalent of what she had hitherto lawfully drawn every month — told her that this was the end and that she must now reconcile herself, firmly and finally, to the plain fact that she was no longer in the market for anything, and so he showed her out, bobbing, and smiling, and happy, and (he hoped) convinced. He was most forbearing about it all.

He wrote three pages about it to me. All I could do was write him a properly apologetic and deeply grateful reply, enclosing my cheque for £2/6/8, which, I noted in some surprise, he duly cashed.

On the morning of the first of the following month of June, he was on the telephone. His voice over the wire sounded rather strangled. "Your good aunt is back here in my office again. She is sitting directly opposite me. She seems to be in very good health. And in good spirits, to boot. In fact, she is beaming at me. Nevertheless, she is once more demanding dividends on shares she does not possess. Will you kindly tell me at once what you wish me to do with, for or to her?"

"Oh, heavens, Mel! I'm awfully sorry. Look, couldn't you just explain firmly to the old lady that—"

At this, his voice rose to a squeak of utter exasperation. "Miss Whelan has been in my private office for the past three quarters of a blasted hour, with my bookkeeper, my assistant bookkeeper, my chief clerk—"

"Mel, I'll tell you what to do. Just give her the two quid six and eight, and I'll send you a cheque for it this minute, and then tell her never to darken your door again."

Mel's voice became precise, piercing, priggish and prim, in a way that suddenly recalled to me a familiar side of his nature, that I had completely forgotten until that moment.

"I have no hope whatsoever of achieving the entirely desirable state of affairs that you so blandly depict. I am afraid the time has arrived for you to come down to Cork in person and talk in person to your good aunt. Furthermore, I must tell you that your proposal about a cheque is totally contrary to my principles as a man and as a stockbroker. It is inconsistent, unrealistic, unprofessional, and absurd. As I have explained to Miss Whelan, he who saves may invest, he who invests may accumulate, he who does not save may not —"

"Mel, for heaven's sake, come off it! Save? How the devil can she save anything at all on that measly pension of hers?"

"In that case," he retorted, "it is as absurd for her to expect as it would be unrealistic for me to pretend that she is entitled to returns on non-existent capital. In the name of justice, equity, and realism — above all, in the name of realism—I will not and I cannot pretend to pay any client dividends that simply do not exist . . . Excuse me one moment."

I could hear a confused babble of voices. It sounded as though four or five people were engaged in passionate argument.

When he came back on the wire, he sounded angrier than ever. "Hello!" he roared. "How soon, for heaven's sake, can you come down to Cork and settle this matter with your aunt?"

I saw that there was no way out of it. It was a Thursday. I said that I would take the morning train on Saturday.

He calmed down. He expanded. He even became amiable. When he broke into French, I remembered how, in his student days, he used to go to France every summer and Easter with his widowed mother. *"Bon! Nous causerons de beaucoup de choses. Et nous donnerons le coup de grace a l'affaire Anna et a ses actions imaginaires,"* and hung up.

Actions? My dictionary told me that the word means activities, actions, performances, battles, stocks, shares. As I put back the volume on its shelf, I remembered how good he always used to be at social work among the poor of Cork. I also wondered how such a man could see nothing wrong with giving charity outside his office in the name of Saint Vincent de Paul, but everything wrong with the idea of bestowing largesse inside it in the name of pity. I also realised that I had not seen him for twenty years . . .

It was a perfect June morning. All the way down from Dublin to Cork, the country looked so soft and fresh, so green and young, and I lunched well on the train, that my heart gradually warmed both to Aunty Anna and to Mel. As the fields floated past I started to recall with pleasure the Mel I used to know. Indeed, if anybody at that moment had asked me about him, I would have launched on a eulogy as long as an elegy.

Stout fellow! Salt of the earth! As fine a chap as you could hope to meet. Honest, kind, and absolutely reliable. The sort of man who would never let you down. A most worthy inheritor of his father's and grandfather's business. Handsome, strong, tall, always well dressed — in the old days, we all thought him a bit of a dandy. And so easy! Oh, now and again he could be gruff if you rubbed him the wrong way, and he was sometimes given to playing the big shot.

By that same token, he always boasted that he was a first-class shot. A real, clean-living, open-air man. What else? Well informed about music and the opera. Spoke French well — those visits abroad with his mother. A strong civic sense, always proud of his native city. Who was it who told me, a few years ago, that he was up to his neck nowadays in all sorts of worthy societies in Cork?

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LULUBELLE

"He'll do me until Mr. Right comes along!"

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DIVIDENDS

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The Old Folks' Association, Saint Vincent de Paul, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, the African Missions Brotherhood.

He always did keep a bit to himself, though. Not standoffishly, more of a class thing, being so much richer than the rest of us. Or was he a little shy? And I did hear recently that he had given up shooting and taken to bird-watching — from a weekend cottage he had outside Cork.

Naturally he was a Catholic. A most devoted Catholic. No! A baptised, confirmed, and unmarried bachelor. That was odd, because he always had a great eye for the girls. Funny I never thought of it before. In Ireland you don't, somehow. You get so used to the widowed mother in the background, or the two brothers who are priests, or the three sisters who are nuns. The tradition of celibacy. But he did have that roving eye, and he was quite good-looking — even if he had slightly prominent teeth and a rather silly, affected way of shaving that left a tuft of hair on each cheekbone.

I CLOSED my eyes to see him better, and wondered why I was going down here at all.

He was the first person I saw on the platform, in his tweeds and his sporty cap. The wings of his hair were turning white. His teeth were much too white to be his own. He wore spectacles. We greeted each other warmly, left the station teasing each other amiably about our advancing years, got into his white sports Jaguar and shot across the station yard like a bullet.

"Well?" I said. "And how did you finish up with my dear old Aunty Anna?"

He pretended to be coping with the traffic. Then, with a sheepish side-glance and grin that were clearly meant to involve me in his illogicality, he said: "I gave her the odd two quid again. She will obviously be back in a month. And every month for the rest of her life. Unless we do something drastic about her."

"I see. Are we going to do it now?" I asked.

"No! I don't work on Saturdays. And I'm not going to break my rule of life for that accursed hairpin. I'm driving you out to my Sabine farm. We've got the whole weekend. We'll talk about her tonight after dinner. And not one minute before!"

I bridled. After all, I was very fond of my Aunty Anna, even if I had not visited her for the past twelve years. And I objected to being shanghaied like this without as much as a "by your leave." Was he at his old game of playing the big shot? At close quarters, over a whole weekend, was he going to turn out to be an awful bore?

However, he had been very kind to Aunty Anna, and I had got him into this mess, and I was under an obligation to him, so I said, as pleasantly as I could, "That's very kind of you, Mel. I can see my aunt tomorrow morning, and I'm sure there must be an afternoon train home."

"If that's what you want," he said, rather huffily. "If there is a train to Dublin on Sundays, I'm sure it takes about ten hours." Then he said, so smugly that anybody who did not know him could well have taken an immediate dislike to him, "You're going to like my cottage — it's a real beauty. Nobody in Cork has anything like it!"

I did not talk much during the drive into and out of the city; it reminded me too much of my father and mother, of my lost youth. He blathered on and on about its great future, its economic development, the airport they were sure to have some day, just as if he were the lord mayor of the place.

Then we were out of the city and in the country again, and presently — it cannot have been more than twenty minutes at his mad speed — he said, "Behold my Sabine farm!"

At first glance, through the trees, it looked like the sort of cottage that would make any real-estate agent start pouring out words like "rustic," "picturesque" and every other kind of euphemism for damp, dirty, crumbling and thoroughly uncomfortable. Close up, it turned out to be the sort of dream cottage you see on travel posters.

It stood under its trim thatch roof on a sunbathed side road, in about two acres of orchard, kitchen garden and lawn, facing a small, old church, directly above the Lee, murmuring far below in a valley scooped out of the surrounding hills, covered now with young pinewoods. It was long, low and pink washed, with diamond panes in its small windows, and its walls were covered by a thick curtain of Albertine roses that would be a mellow blaze within a week or two.

The door was opened by a brown-eyed young woman, whom Mel introduced as "My housekeeper. My invaluable Sheila." The living-room was long and low-ceilinged, furnished in elegant Adams and Chippendale, carpeted in pale green, with an unnecessary but welcoming wood fire sizzling softly in an old brick fireplace. Later, I found that he had put in central heating, electricity, and an American-style kitchen. His Sheila brought us scotch, water and ice cubes, and we sank into two deep armchairs beside the fire.

"You seem to live pretty well, my friend," I admitted grudgingly.

"I like the simple life," he said. "But I'm not simple-minded about it. I'm a realist"

I humphed to myself. I recognised the common illusion of most businessmen that writers are all mental defectives, dreamy romancers, with about as much common sense as would fit in one of their small toes. Really, all this might very well turn out to be a frightful bore.

I became aware that his housekeeper was still standing beside us. Her brown eyes reminded me of two shining chestnuts. If her chin had not been a shadow overshot, she would have been a beauty. What struck me most about her was not, however, her face, her trim figure or her straight back, but her air of calm self-possession.

He gave her a quick, all-over glance. "Well, my dear? What are you giving us for dinner tonight?"

"Two roast chickens. Parsley potatoes. New. Your own. And fresh peas from the garden."

"And for sweet? Apart from yourself?" he asked, with that kind of gawky smile that celibates overdo for handsome young women.

"Apart from myself," she replied calmly, "there will be an apple pie. They are the last apples left in your loft."

"With cream?"

"Naturally."

"And the wine?"

She nodded to two bottles standing at a discreet distance from the brickwork of the fireplace. Gevrey-Chambertin: 1929.

"Excellent. We will dine at seven-thirty." He turned to me. "Drink up! I saw two kingfishers flashing along the river last week, and I want to see if they're still there. They've just got married," he added, with a raise-your-eyebrows grin at Sheila, who tossed her head and went off about her business.

"And where did that treasure come from?" I asked, carefully keeping the note of suspicion out of my voice, thinking that twenty-five years ago I would have pulled his leg a mile long about her.

"Pure luck. She is a typist in my office. I used to have a dreadful old hairpin, as old and almost as doddery as your mad aunt. Then I found that Sheila lives halfway between here and Cork, in a laborer's cottage on the side of the road. When I suggested that she might lend a hand and make some extra cash, she jumped at it. Every Friday night I drive her home from the office on my way here, collect her on Saturday morning, and Bob's-your-uncle."

He gathered up his binoculars, notebook and camera, and we went off after the kingfishers. I enjoyed every minute of it, tramping for about three hours up and down the riverbed. He found his kingfishers, a nesting heron, and became madly excited when he picked out through his binoculars a buff-colored bird with a long beak and a crest, perched on a tall tree.

"Can it possibly be a hoopoe?" he kept saying in a shouting whisper. As he entered every detail in his notebook, he became so boyish about it all that my earlier annoyance with him vanished completely.

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IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY — *By RUDD*

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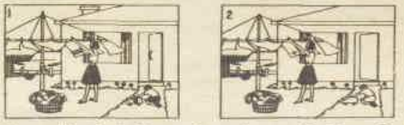

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And when, on the way home, I asked him casually how old he was and he said, "Forty-seven," my earlier suspicions also vanished. He was at least twice her age. By the time we got back to his cottage, I was not only so pleasantly tired but so relaxed that I told him I had decided not to return home until Monday morning.

The fire, now that the evening chill had come, was welcoming. I found that there were two baths and lots of hot water. I wallowed in mine for twenty minutes. When we both emerged, his Sheila made us a shaker of martinis, and through them we moved leisurely into a perfect dinner. She had not roasted the chickens; she had broiled them *en papillotes*. She must have spent two hours on the apple pie alone; my wife, who is a first-rate cook, could not have improved on its delicate crust.

"Did you teach her all this cooking, Mel?"

"I confess that I have tried to play Professor Higgins to her Eliza. But only—" he winked—"as to her cooking. So far."

By the time we finished off the two bottles of Burgundy and retired to our armchairs before the fire, we were the old — that is, the young — Mel and Sean. She lighted two shaded lamps, brought us Italian coffee, a bottle of excellent brandy, two warmed glasses, the cigar box, and our slippers.

"Wonderful woman!" I murmured. "I hope you never lose her."

"She is useful," he agreed shortly, poured the brandy and, like me, stretched out his long legs to the fire.

DIVIDENDS

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For a while, there was not a sound except the sizzle of the logs and an occasional slight tinkle from the direction of the kitchen. The deep, darkening country closed in around us in such utter silence that when I strained my ears to listen I could hear, deep in the valley, the whisper of the river.

Drowsily, I remembered that he had said we would talk about Aunty Anna tonight. I had no wish to talk about Aunty Anna, and by the sleepy way he was regarding the fire through his brandy glass I hoped he felt the same. Then I heard his voice, and with something sharper than regret I gathered that he had begun to talk about himself.

"Sean, I'm very glad you came. For a long time now I've been working out a certain idea, and I want to try it out on you, just as a sort of test."

Just barely holding off sleep, I nodded.

"Did it ever strike you that every man, which includes every woman, is his own potter? I mean, that sooner or later every man takes up what you might call the clay or the plasticene or the mud, call it what you like, of his experience of life and throws it down on his potter's wheel, starts the pedal going and rounds it up into a shape? Into what I call his idea of the shape of his whole life? Are you following me?"

I nodded.

"Good! Now for the big snag. Why do we do this? I can't say we do it to please ourselves, because we can *have* no selves, can we? We can't see ourselves or know ourselves, can we? Therefore, we cannot *be* ourselves until we have made this shape and looked at it, as one would look in a mirror, and say, 'That's me! That's my vocation. My ambition. My politics. My faith. My whole life.'

"I mean," he pounded on, with a force of energy that made me even more sleepy than before, "I cannot say, 'That's me' until I have made my shape, because there was no *me* until I have made my shape. Therefore, I can get no real pleasure out of it all until the job is actually done. That's a pretty disturbing thought, isn't it?"

I pulled myself awake. What had I walked into? Two nights of this twaddle? There *had* to be a train tomorrow afternoon. "And when the job is done, Mel?"

"Then I began to live. When I at last know exactly what I am, I at last know exactly what I want to do, because my shape, my image, now tells me what I do want to do."

I SIGHED and stretched. "And then, Mel, some other fellow comes along and he looks at your portrait of the artist as a young dog and he says, 'No! This may be some crazy dream Mel has of himself or some crazy dream he has of the world as he would like it to be, but it's not our Mel and it's not our world.'"

"And I might say the same to him — and to his world?"

"You certainly might. But, of course, I hope you're not so daft as to deny that, all the time, there must be a real, objective world outside there. Made up of stockbrokers and tax collectors and physicists, and isoprene, and—"

"By the way, rubber is going up."

"And gravitation, electricity, atomic weight, and people dying, and kingfishers mating, and so on and so on. And a real, objective you, me, and Tom, Dick, and Harry in each one of us, and no fancies and no fooling." I laughed. "Mel, you're a joy! I'm glad to inform you that you haven't changed one iota since the days when we used to come out of old Father Abstractibus' philosophy lectures, and talk for hours about the Object and the Subject and 'What is reality?'

"And here you are still at it! It's a pointless pursuit, and I'm in no mood for it. Mel! If we have to talk about anything at all on top of that wonderful dinner, and that marvellous Gevrey-Chambertin, and this perfect brandy, let's talk about a painfully real subject. Let's talk about my Aunty Anna."

"That," he said calmly, "is exactly what I am talking about. About people who live in imaginations, and fantasies, and illusions about themselves. About what, so far as I can see, the whole blessed world is doing all the time. Including your dear Aunty Anna Maria Whelan."

He stretched out his foot and touched my ankle with the toe of his slipper. "Do you know what your dear Aunty Anna did with three hundred and fifty quid?"

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FROM THE BIBLE

● ***The world of God is alive and active. It cuts deeper than any two-edged sword. It goes all the way through, to where soul and spirit meet, to where joints and marrow come together.***

— Hebrews 4; 12.

(Today's English Version)

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"You told me. She bought an armchair, and an electric heater, and an eiderdown, and curtains, and Masses for her soul, and she gave loans to —"

"Rubbish! That's what she said. She bought a fur coat."

"You're a liar!"

"She is the liar."

"Then you're joking."

"It's no joke, my friend. The old divil had the cheek to have it on her back when she came into my office. When she went out I had a brainwave. I rang up a friend of mine who works with the Saint Vincent de Paul Society in your aunt's neighborhood, and I asked him to drop around and have a look at her place.

"No armchair, no electric heater, no new curtains, no nothing. And as for those loans — as he pointed out to me, the poor don't give anybody loans of ten quid. Ten shillings would be more like it. You talk very glibly about the 'real, objective world outside there.' You don't seem to know so very much about it, after all, do you?"

HIS air of condescension had infuriated me. I sat up. "It was probably a cheap, secondhand coat!"

"I checked up on that, too. Cork is a small place, and there aren't many shops where you can buy fur coats. I rang up Bob Rohu, and I told him the whole story. I hit a bull's-eye at once. He sold it to her himself. He remembered the transaction very well. She paid him two hundred and seventy-five pounds for that fur coat."

I was furious, chastened and filled with pity for my Aunt Anna. I saw that whatever picture Mel had of himself, it would not show him as anybody's fool. I could have choked him.

Here was I, who had known Aunty Anna all my life, a man who was supposed to know something about human nature, and here was Mel, who had met Aunty Anna only three or four times, pitilessly exposing her to me: a woman stuck out there for thirty years on that big, grassy, empty plain of the Curragh of Kildare, working, since she was twenty, for a wealthy trainer, seeing his rich, horsy clients

DIVIDENDS

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coming and going in all their finery, and thinking, as she grew older and older, with no man ever asking her to marry him, that she would never possess anything even dimly like what they possessed, until, by pure chance, at the age of seventy-odd, she finds herself drawing dividends like the best of them, trading in the stock market just like them, being received like a lady by the best stockbroker in Cork — and, at last, sees that fur coat in a shop-window.

Mel was slowly rolling his brandy around in his glass and watching me slyly. "Interesting, isn't it?" he said.

"Very," I said bitterly. After a silence, I said, "And this is why she won't get any more of what she thinks are her little divvies? Even if I agreed to pay you for them?"

He answered with anger, almost with passion, "It is. The woman is fooling herself, and I refuse to encourage her. She is trying to make nonsense of everything I believe in. And I won't let her do it. Would you, as a writer, write something you didn't believe to be true?"

"Don't be silly! I'm pleased and proud any time I think I'm telling even one tenth of the truth."

"Would you, if you were a doctor, tell lies to a patient?"

"Doctors have to do it all the time. To help them live. To make it easier for them to die."

"Well, I don't and won't tell lies. Facts are facts in my profession."

"You gamble."

"I do not."

"You encourage your clients to gamble."

"I do not."

"Then what do you do for a living?"

"I hope."

We laughed. We calmed down.

"What about charity, Mel?"

"I would have no objection to giving your aunt charity. In fact, I'd be quite happy to pay the old hairpin—"

Here the chill caution of the trained businessman entered his voice. "I'd be quite happy to go halves with you in paying her the equivalent of her blasted divvies every year. But not *as* dividends. Strictly as a gift from the pair of us."

"Mel, that's kind of you! Our whole problem is solved. Let's give her the twenty-eight pounds a year as a present."

"She won't take it."

"Why?" I asked.

"Because it's charity. And she doesn't want charity. The poor never want charity. They hate it because it makes them feel their poverty. Any of them that have any pride left in them. And that old lady is stiff with pride. You could take a gift from me; I could take a gift from you; Queen Victoria would have taken all India and hung it on her charm bracelet without as much as a thank-you. But not the poor. You can try, though. Take the Jaguar tomorrow morning, and take her out to lunch. I bet you she'll refuse."

He stood up. "Ah! Here we are!" he said.

This was for our Sheila, waiting, ready to be driven home. She was wearing a charming little fur hat and a neat, belted tweed coat. From under her hat, her dark hair curved around each cheek.

"That," said Mel, surveying her, "is a darling little hat you have."

"I had it on this morning," she said quietly. "But men never notice anything."

"Where did you get it?"

"I bought it, of course. It's a wild mink. I've been saving up for it for years. I got it at Rohu's."

"Good girl!" he said enthusiastically, and looked at me in approval of his pupil, while I wondered if he knew how much even that little dream of wild mink cost her. She might well have been saving up for it for years. "I'll bring around the car. I won't be long," he said to me. "Play some music while I'm gone. I've got some good records."

When he had gone, I said to her, "Won't you sit down while you're waiting?"

She sat down sedately on the arm of the chair Mel had vacated and crossed her pretty heron's legs.

"Do you like music, Sheila?"

"I used to like only jazz. Recently, I've come to prefer classical music. Mr. Meldrum has been introducing me to it. Shall I show you how to work the machine? It's new, and he is very particular about it. Oh!" she said, lifting the lid and looking in. "There's a record on already. It's the 'Siegfried Idyll.' Would you perhaps prefer something more modern?"

I thought, you may only be a typist in his office, but you have the manners of a woman of the world. "Yes, I'd like to hear that again," I said. "It's years since I've listened to Wagner. Do *you* like it?"

"We've played it so often, now, that I'm just beginning to understand what it's all about."

"And what is it all about?" I smiled.

She switched on the machine and closed the lid. "I suppose it's about happiness through love. It takes a little time to warm up. Then it works automatically."

I glanced at her. Was she a deep one? Mel's horn hooted from the road. For the first time she smiled.

"I must be off. Don't let the fire die down. He sometimes sits up late. There are plenty of logs. And I've fixed the electric blankets at number-two heat, so they will be nice and cosy before you have finished your last night-caps. Goodnight."

After she had gone, I walked to the window to look after her and saw that a vast moon had risen over the dark hills surrounding the valley, touching their round breasts as softly as a kiss. He and she stood arm in arm looking at it, he leaning a little over her, pointing up to the moon as if he were showing it to an infant and saying something that caused her to laugh gloriously. Just as he touched her furry cap with his finger, the record behind me fell into place and a score of violins began whispering, pulsing, and swelling around me as powerfully as the immense moon.

In that second, I had no more doubts about the pair of them. He released her arm, opened the door of the car for her, so that its light fell for a second on her radiant smile. He shut her door, got in on his side, and shot away.

I returned slowly to my armchair, my brandy and cigar, and stared into the flickering fire. Gradually the "Idyll" rose in wave after wave to its first crescendo, until the bows of the violins were so many lashing whips of passionate sound. The lunatic! Sitting here in this silent valley, with her opposite him, listening to music like this.

I suddenly remembered something that made me snatch up the record jacket. I was right. Wagner wrote that love idyll when he was fifty-seven, having fallen in love with Cosima Liszt when he was in his forties and she in her twenties; and I began to think of other elderly men who had married young women.

I started to walk restlessly about the house, and, by error, I entered his bedroom. I shut the door quickly, feeling that I was floundering in deep and dangerous tides. The covers of his bed had been neatly turned down and on his pillow lay a red rosebud.

I went to bed and fell into such a sound sleep that I did not hear him return.

When I woke up, it was blazing sun outside, and the cottage was empty. He had presumably gone to Mass and to collect her. When they came in he was wearing the rosebud in his lapel. After breakfast, I took the Jaguar and drove into town to meet my Aunty Anna . . .

There was hardly a soul out along the quay where she lived. As I drew up outside her old fabric of a house, its railings crooked, its fanlight cracked, all the city filled suddenly with the sound of church bells. I sat for a while in the car, thinking of the best way to handle her.

She had always been a soft, slack, complaining creature, with, so far as I knew, no keener interests in life than backing horses, telling fortunes on the cups and cards, eating boiled sweets, and reading violet-colored penny novelettes. I should have brought her a box of chocolates. I drove off and managed to find a shop that sold them.

A few minutes later, I was holding her weeping in my arms, in her one room, where she had cooked, slept, and sat day after day for so many years, and as I smelt the familiar, indefinable musk of urban poverty, suggestive mainly of sour clothes, bad sewerage, and fried onions, I was overcome with shame that I had not visited her once during the twelve years since I left Cork to be married. We kissed, or, rather, she kissed me, as maternally as if I were still a small boy.

Then I stood back, looked at her and got a shock of memory. She had a face like an old turtle, she was humped like a heron, and she was rouged. Like a boy, I endured the reproaches she poured over me, and then, eager to be out of that jumbled, stuffy room, I bustled her to get ready and come out to lunch at the Victoria Hotel.

She put on her fur coat and a small, ancient straw hat, gay with white daisies.

At the end of the lunch, she produced a compact, powdered her nose, and delicately applied lipstick. She evaded all my efforts to talk of old times until we moved into the empty lounge, where I had a brandy and she preferred a gin and lime. At last, I did lure her out of her past to her less glorious present and to my proposal that I should give her twenty-eight pounds a year as a little gesture "for old times' sake, Aunty" — trying to make her stop being Her Majesty and become my Aunty Anna again.

She made short work of me. "No! Thank you very much. Now that I have my divvies, I don't need it."

From there we went back and forth over the whole thing, over more brandy and gin, for two fruitless hours. Gifts she would "of course" not accept. Her divvies she would "of course" not renounce. By the end of it, I had gained only one point.

She said, coldly but with spirit, that if "that man" denied her her rights, she would never darken his door again. "I will have nothing more to do with this so-called Mister Meldrum. I am finished with all these fraudulent stockbrokers for ever."

It was four o'clock before I surrendered, furious, rejected, humiliated, and exhausted. I drove her around the city, slowly at her queenly request, and ended up at her door.

I promised faithfully to visit her again next summer, kissed her goodbye, excused my haste by saying that I had to be back in Dublin before nightfall. I felt very proud of her, I despised myself, and I hated Mel and all that he and his kind stood for—by which I did not now know what I meant, unless it had something to do with the corrupting power of money over us all.

I was in no mood to face his guffaws of triumph. I parked the Jaguar on the empty South Mall and went wandering through the silent Sunday streets of this city of my youth, seeing little of it.

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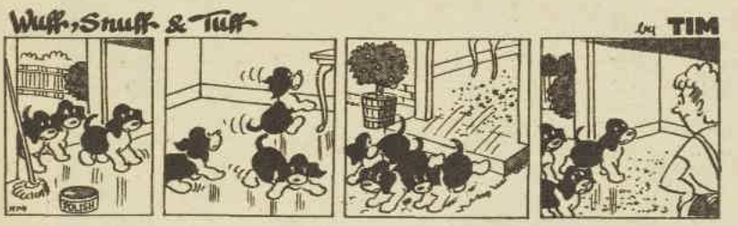
FOR THE CHILDREN



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DIVIDENDS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59

I was angry and absorbed in trying to devise some means of helping her and, at every turn, bothered by unhappy thoughts about Mel and myself and whatever it was the years had done to us.

Was he right in saying that I knew nothing about poor people like Aunty Anna? His Sheila was a young, pretty Aunty Anna, poor like her, being drawn now, as she had been, close to the world of wealth. What did he really know about Sheila? What did I really know about him?

My Aunty Anna was dead, replaced by what would have been described in one of her violet covered novelettes as "Miss Anna Whelan, a country lady in reduced circumstances," with nothing left to her from her better days but her memories and her fur coat, defrauded and impoverished of thousands of pounds—her lost fortune would be at least that much within a matter of weeks—by a slick stockbroker. Was Mel — the Mel I knew when we were here at college together years ago—also dead?

We are not one person. We pass through several lives of faith, ambition, sometimes love, often friendship. We change, die, and live again. In that cosy cottage of his I had been the guest of a ghost. Myself a ghost? If he was a new man, his Sheila might know him. I did not. For all I knew, she was creating him. All I knew was that I must return to his cottage, as I must leave it, in silence.

I got back there in time to join him and the local curate in another of Sheila's five-to-one martinis. Over the dinner, which was just as good as the night before, I left the talk to Mel and his guest.

The curate left early. Mel drove Sheila home immediately after. He returned within twenty minutes.

I was standing with my hand on the high mantelpiece of the fireplace, listening to the verso of the "Siegfried Idyll," the end of the last act of *Die Walkure*.

Mel threw himself into his armchair, his hands behind his head, and we listened until the music ended and the silence and the dark of the country began to hum again in our ears. For a while we said nothing.

Then I did exactly what I had promised myself not to do. "Well?" I asked, looking down at him.

"Well?" he said, looking up at me.

"Do I congratulate you?"

"On what?"

"On your Brunnhilde."

Lazily, he rolled his head on the back of his chair.

"Meaning no? Or that you don't know?"

Again he slowly rolled his head.

"Giving nothing away? Mel, you didn't used to be so damn cautious. What has happened to you? Come on, Mel, take a chance on life. Begin by giving Aunty Anna her divvies."

"Aha! So she refused our gift?"

"She refused. Also, she will trouble you no more. She is now convinced that you are a fraudulent stockbroker who has robbed her of a fortune. Come on, man! Gamble for once in your cautious life. Stop being a fraudulent broker.

"Are you suggesting that I should let your aunt blackmail me?"

"I'm suggesting that you forget the idol you have made outside in the woodshed. It's not you. The Mel I knew can't be that fancy portrait of the unbreakable, incorruptible, crusty, self-absorbed old man, stiffnecked with principles and pride and priggishness. It's a false god. Kick it out on the rubbish heap. When you've made a real image of yourself, you'll find there is nothing so terribly frightening about giving Aunty Anna her divvies — or marrying Sheila.

I HAD said "frightening" because, as soon as I had suggested that he was different from whatever he wanted to be, I had seen his eyes contract, a blush appear on his cheekbones, under their outcrops of hair, his mouth begin to melt. With a flick, he threw away the sudden fear. "I haven't changed. I am what I am, always was and intend always to be. And if I am a prig, as you so kindly call me, I'm content to be a prig. It's better than being a dreamer like you and your mad aunt."

"Then why are you playing with the girl?"

"I am not."

"In that case, you might wipe that lipstick off your cheek."

"You know nothing about her." He paused. "She has a boyfriend. He was waiting for her again at her cottage tonight."

"I shouldn't be surprised if she had a dozen boyfriends. A girl as pretty as that! Have you seen him often?"

"I have. He comes around here on his motor bicycle whenever she stays a bit later than usual. Just to offer her a lift home. I followed them one night. I saw them kissing under a tree. If she can deceive him, she could deceive me. If I married her, I'd be jealous and suspicious of her all my life."

"You make me sick! *You* might not be happy? Why don't you say *she* might not be happy? What sort of thing do you think marriage is? One long honey-

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moon? Happiness is a bonus. You work for it. It comes and goes. You have to be in the market to snatch it. Where's your realism? He who does not speculate cannot accumulate. Stop being such a coward! Live, man, live!"

"I prefer to be logical."

"Then you certainly will not give Aunty Anna her imaginary divvies, and you will have to sack your imaginary Sheila, and then you will be very unhappy indeed."

"I may be. It will wear off. And, anyway, it's none of your damn business."

For a couple of moments we looked at each other hatefully. Then I turned and, without saying goodnight, went to my room.

Almost immediately I heard the front door slam. Parting the curtains, I saw him stride down the path, out into the moonlit road and around the corner, under the deep shadows of the trees, toward where we had gone yesterday to watch the kingfishers, the nesting heron, and that unlikely crested, exotic bird. For a second, my heart went out to him. Then I shrugged him off in despair . . .

I was wakened—my watch said it was two o'clock—by the sound of music, those Brunnhildeian flames, wavering, leaping, pulsing from their mountaintop among the gods. I in bed, he by the ashen fire listened to it together. After it died away I heard his door click.

In the morning, I rose to find him in the spotless kitchen, making coffee and toast for our breakfast.

"Morning, Mel!"

"Hello! Sleep well? I'm the cook on Monday mornings. She leaves everything ready, as you see," nodding to the linen, china, and silverware on the table. She had even left a tiny bouquet of flowers.

HE was dressed for the city in his black jacket, with black-and-grey striped pants, grey suede waistcoat, stiff white collar, and striped shirt.

Over the coffee, he talked about birds, and for that while he was again his old attractive, youthful, zestful self.

When we were ready to go, he saw to it that every curtain was drawn ("The sun fades the mahogany") and every window carefully fastened, took down his bowler hat and umbrella, double-locked the door, looked all over the front of the cottage, and we drove off into another sunbathed morning.

On the way into town we picked up Sheila outside her cottage, and, after that, we did not speak at all until he dropped her at his office. I tried to insist on his not seeing me off at the station, while he insisted against my insisting, and we almost squabbled again before he gave in so far as to go into his office to ask if there was anything urgent.

He took me in with him and formally introduced me to his chief accountant and his bookkeeper. While he went through his mail, I chatted with them, and noted the Turkish carpet and all his modern gadgets, and thought that this was the place where Aunty Anna began to change.

At the station, he insisted on buying me the morning paper and on waiting by my carriage door until the train left. I thanked him for our enjoyable weekend, praised his cottage, remembered the food and the wine, promised that we would meet again.

As the porters started to slam the last doors, he said, his pointed face lifted below my window, his eyes sullen above the two little tufts of greying hair on his cheekbones: "You will be pleased to hear, that I have decided to give your aunt her dividends as usual. Naturally, we go halves in that."

I leaned down from the window and grasped his shoulder. "Mel! And marry Sheila?"

"I know when I'm licked. I'm going to give her the sack this morning. I'll have to get a new housekeeper. I am going to ask your Aunty Anna."

"But she's seventy! And a lady in reduced circumstances. She will refuse."

DIVIDENDS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60

"Not when she sees my cottage," he said arrogantly. "I'm only there on weekends. She can imagine she is a real lady for five days in the week. And she has been a cook. And she won't tempt my flesh. Hail! And farewell!"

The train started to puff and chug, and he and the platform slid away.

Seconds later, I was in the tunnel. My window went opaque. The rancid smell of the underworld. "And farewell"? Evidently I was not to meet him ever again. It was a just judgment on my presumption; I had probed, I had interfered, I had uncovered his most secret dream and destroyed it by forcing him to bring it to the test of reality.

I had been tiresome in every way. I had counted on finding the Mel I had thought I had always known, felt affronted at finding him rather different, tried to make him more different, and yet, at the same time, have my old Mel, and I was furious when he insisted on remaining whatever he thought he always had been.

On such irreducibly plenary moments of total mess, shame, and embarrassment, the truth can only be trite, though nonetheless the truth for that. Youth knows only embryos. Life is equivocal. Life is a gamble. Friendship is frail. Love is a risk. All any man can do when fate sends some shining dream his way is to embrace it and fight for it without rest or reason, because we do all the important things of life for reasons (it has been said!) of which reason knows nothing until about twenty years after.

For that mile of tunnel, I had them all there together with me in that dark carriage, with the cold smell of steam and an occasional splash of water on the roof from the ventilation shafts to the upper world. Then, abruptly, the tunnel shot away. I opened the window to let in fresh air, and then settled down to my newspapers and the gathering thoughts of my home and my work.

I have never seen him since, although we are both now aging men; but perhaps three times, it could be four, a little switch went click in my memory and he revisited me—a dubious shadow, with two grey tufts on his cheeks and a long nose like Sherlock Holmes'.

He did write to me once, after —not, I observed, when—Aunty Anna died, in his service, aged eighty-one. He had attended piously to everything. He enclosed some snapshots he had found in her bag: herself as a young woman, horses on the Curragh, myself as a young boy. In her will, he mentioned, she had gratefully bequeathed all her dividends to him.

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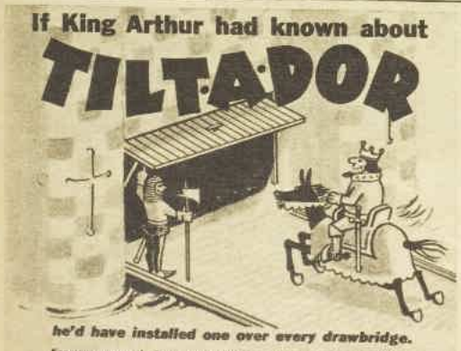

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The one day in a girl's life that should be the happiest sometimes brings bewilderment.

A STATE OF CONFUSION

BY ALICE GLENDAY

SHE tried to tuck her new silk coat around her knees. It wouldn't stay.

"Cold?" he said, sparing a glance from the headlit gravel road.

"No." If she'd told the truth he'd have invited her to move closer.

"We're climbing all the time," he said. "That's why it's colder. I'll put the heater on if you like."

"I'm all right." She somehow preferred the cold to a false cosiness.

"It shouldn't be long now," he said.

He'd been saying that for hours. Blithely assuming that she wanted this climbing, swooping, stone-clanging road to come to an end.

"That's if Denny hasn't been pulling our leg and there's no cottage after all," he said with a laugh. He'd said that before, too. With the same laugh.

He started to whistle. He'd been whistling on and off all the way. Tuneless whistling that started off piercingly loud, then lapsed into a breathy hissing behind his teeth. It made her want to scream. She kept her hands locked on her lap and her eyes fixed on the rushing strip of rough grass on her side of the road.

Even so, she was conscious of his every action: his leaning forward to peer through the windscreen; his glances her way; his shifting in his seat. And his lifting a hand to scratch his head or smooth his hair. That, more than anything, made her wonder what she was doing here. Here with a man who was familiar yet strange, and wholly unlikable either way.

The pale blur of his face turned toward her, then away. He stopped hissing. He's thinking of something to say, she thought. Sure enough: "Why don't you curl up a little, Barbie? You could put your feet up on the seat and lean against me." me."

"I'm all right, thanks."

He reached out and put a hand on her knee. She stiffened and stared straight ahead. After a little while he put his hand back on the wheel. Her feeling of guilt made her say, "I guess you need two hands on this rickety road."

"I guess you're right."

But she wasn't. She'd been terribly wrong. Wrong to let herself be swept along on the tide of preparations. Wrong not to take a stand this morning and call the whole thing off. Was it only this morning? That she had waked to the certain knowledge that it was all a mistake? Last night she'd had her doubts, but there'd been such a coming and going of friends and relations and so many houseguests to fit into their already overflowing house that she'd put it down to nervous exhaustion.

Rather, her mother had. "You're worn out," she'd said, pushing her gently toward her bedroom, the only room unviolated by visitors. "You'll feel different in the morning."

Only she hadn't. Unless to feel sick with apprehension was to feel different. So sick that she couldn't eat the breakfast her mother had brought her, with one of the early white roses laid on the tray. "Stage-fright, that's all it is," her mother had said. "Think of poor Robbie, it's worse for him. He has to make a speech."

"Mother . . ." She'd picked up the rose and pretended to study it. "How do you know?"

"Know what?"

"If it's — the right man?"

There was a laugh from the doorway. Aunt Ella was lounging there. "The usual answer is whether you could use his toothbrush. But if that was the case, few of us would get married."

Did they consider that a harder test? Barbara ripped off one of the petals.

"How come the bride rates breakfast in bed, anyway?" her aunt said. "Is she sick or something?"

"Only with nerves," her mother said. "And I thought it would be a nice final fling. She'll be cooking it herself soon enough."

"Poor Robbie. He's in for a rude awakening."

"Yeah." One of her young brothers had his head round the door. "I sure hope you've got lots of TV dinners stashed away to keep you going in that cabin in the woods."

"It's not a cabin," Barbara said. "And it's not in the woods. It's a cottage, and it's on a lake, and Denny Price says it's out of this world."

And now she was dreading it, and hoping they'd never find it. Or if they did that it would have burnt down. So that she could say, "That's all right. You can take me home now."

"I wonder what they're doing back home," she said without thinking.

"Oh, they're probably still whooping it up. I always think the guests have all the fun at a wedding."

"Yes." Though it had been fun, in a way. A strange way, as though it were happening to someone else. As though she, Barbara, were outside the resplendent one, looking on. Until the moment came — so soon, it seemed — when it was time to go. And the goodbyes, gay as they were with laughter and confetti, had brought her back to life. To a life now joined with Robbie's.

Not that the enormity of it had hit her right away. Not while they'd had confetti to dispose of and everything to discuss — "You did look lovely, Barbie," and "Your speech was fine, Robbie." But gradually they had found themselves repeating the same remarks, and their chatter had died down. Till, sealed in, yet apart in the silence and dark, Robbie had suggested they stop at the next town for a cup of coffee.

And there, in a dingy cafe in a dingy town, she had discovered that she couldn't look at the man opposite. The man she'd known and loved as a boy, but who was suddenly a stranger.

Perhaps it wasn't sudden. Perhaps he'd been changing all these years away at college and it had been so gradual she hadn't noticed. When, for instance, had he started this habit of whistling and smoothing his hair? When had he stopped being gay and easy, and treating her like one of the gang he'd gone around with?

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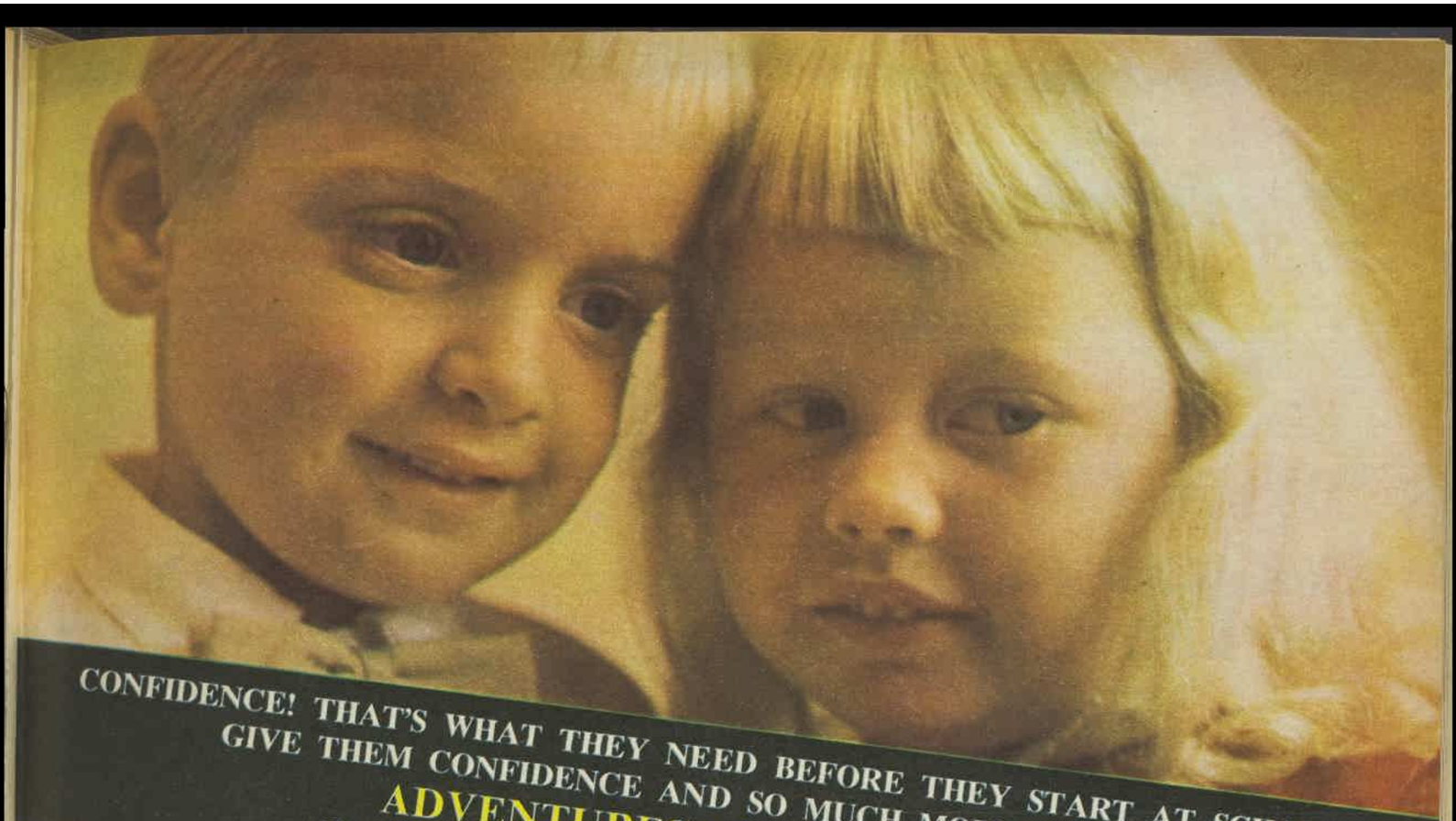

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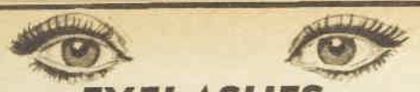

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A STATE OF CONFUSION

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 62

What a tease he'd been in those days! In cahoots with her brothers. But she hadn't minded because he'd been gentle and loving when they were alone. And he'd helped her through her shyness when she'd had to dress up and meet people: his parents, that first time, and his college friends when she'd gone down to a ball. "What're you scared of?" he'd say with a grin. "I'm here."

Each summer, she remembered now, there'd been a certain period of adjustment after he'd come home on vacation: a tiff or two about the limits she'd set to their love-making, or his critical attitude toward his hometown. But never anything that hadn't been put right when he'd settled down. And never anything to make them alter their plans: that they would get married as soon as he finished dental school.

Not even when he'd come home a week ago, with his degree and a job lined up, had she really noticed. There'd been such a flurry of parties, of course, and gifts and shopping and fittings. So that they'd hardly had a minute to breathe, let alone take stock of each other.

What little she had seen of him had been in the company of other people; and if at times she had felt embarrassment at his behaviour, she had put it down to his need to show off in front of her friends, and his own from college. It wasn't till last night, when he had come to the house briefly, and for once gravely, before going to his bachelor dinner, that she'd noticed he'd become a man. And she still only a girl.

As the car slowed down she jerked up her head. "Hey, what's happened to my navigator?" he said. Then, "Were you having a little sleep?"

"No."

"Well, we've come to a fork in the road — is it the one, do you suppose?"

"I don't know."

"Let's look at Denny's map — have you still got it?"

"It's here somewhere." She'd given up following it when she discovered that he knew it off by heart. She felt about on the seat between them but found, when he switched on the light, it had fallen to the floor. She picked it up and held it out.

"Well, it looks like it," he said. "With a bit of luck, Moana View here we come."

He started up and, veering left, drove cautiously up a narrow lane that wound up and round a hill. The track was so overgrown that the long grass between its ruts scraped against the car. "It hasn't seen much traffic lately," Robbie said. "Denny said his family don't use the cottage much any more."

But as they rounded a curve they saw a light glimmering ahead. He slowed the car to a crawl. "That's funny — I thought the Prices were the only ones with a cottage up here."

SHE said nothing but felt a surge of elation: perhaps it was in the act of burning down right now. Even when they reached a clearing, and the light was revealed as nothing more incendiary than a lamp globe over a porch door, her hope remained. Obviously it was the wrong cottage.

Robbie rolled the car to a stop short of the porch steps and left the engine running. He stared at the cottage. It blended so with the night that only the faintly gleaming windows could be seen. No lights showed in them. He switched off the engine. "May as well see what's up," he said. "Coming?"

"I'll wait here."

He got out and waded through knee-high grass to the porch. At the foot of the steps he stopped and peered at something above the door. He stood there a moment, then came back. "It's Moana View all right. Do you suppose somebody's come all this way to put the porch light on for us?"

Barbara looked past him to the cottage door. It had opened, and a man in a dressing gown stood there. "Look," she said.

The man shaded his eyes and stepped out on to the porch. Robbie started forward. As he strode into the light the man stepped back. "Excuse me!" Robbie called into the stark silence. The man had disappeared from Barbara's view but the door remained open and Robbie stood talking and nodding his head. That went on for so long that she felt herself slipping into a kind of stupor.

ALL characters in serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

At last Robbie turned and came toward the car. When he tried her door handle, then tapped on the closed window, she sat perfectly still while her brain lazily toyed with the idea of locking him out of the car. "Hey," he called, rapping again. She rolled down the window.

"Were you asleep or something?"

"Sort of."

"Well, there's been a mix-up," he said. "That's Denny's uncle. They came up for a few days' holiday, but his mother took sick and can't be moved."

"Then we can go home," she wanted to say. But since she couldn't, she said nothing.

"He wants us to come in. I

To page 65

"When I think of what we used to spend on knitwear!"

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A STATE OF CONFUSION

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 64

kept saying we wouldn't, but . . ."

"Oh, no," she said.

"I know. I don't want to, either, but he keeps saying he had no idea, and they'll get an ambulance if need be, and . . ."

"Could you just get in the car and we'll go — someplace else?"

"Sure, we will. But he insists we come in for a cup of tea — he's putting the kettle on right now — and he seems so cut up about it . . ."

"He's there," she whispered.

He was trotting across the porch, a stooped, tall man in slippers. He had either done a quick change or had had his clothes on under his dressing-gown, for now he was fully dressed and wearing a jacket that hunched up at the back like her father's old ones.

He faltered at the top of the steps, then hurried down and toward the car. "Come in, come in," he called in a low, breathless voice. "Do have your good lady come in."

"Just for a few minutes," Robbie said, reaching in and unlocking Barbara's door.

THERE was nothing for it but to push on her new shoes, take off her coat, and get out. Robbie took her arm. "This is—" in the infinitesimal pause she held her breath "— Barbara."

"Yes, yes, do come in." The man went ahead. "This way." He ushered them into a long, low living-room so dimly lit by one table lamp that a brown-leather chair was spotlighted against shadows. No sooner had Barbara's eyes focused on the pool of light than the rest of the room leapt to life.

She shut her eyes against the glare, and opened them to see the man closing a door halfway down the room. He smiled apologetically in their direction. "I must've dozed off," he said in a near whisper. "When I heard the car I thought it was morning and the doctor had come."

"I'm sorry we disturbed you," Robbie whispered back. "We should've just gone away."

"Not at all, not at all. It's our fault entirely . . ." He made his way toward a door that stood half open near where they stood. Barbara caught a glimpse of a faded pink cretonne chair before he shut that door, too. She felt cut off from comfort, condemned to the company of two silly whispering men.

"We should never have come if we'd known," the man was saying. "We had no idea —there are two keys, you see, and — there, the kettle's boiling. If you'll excuse me?"

"Of course," Robbie said, but the man had disappeared. There was a faint plop and a tinkle.

"Well." Robbie swung out his arms. "What do we do now?"

She turned away and looked down the long room. It had a stone fireplace at the far end and a mishmash of furniture in between: wicker chairs, a beat-up chesterfield, an old-fashioned mirrored sideboard. But the colorful scatter rugs and drawn curtains, books, and clutter — a roll of purple knitting had let its ball roll away — gave the room a cosy, carefree air. "It would've been nice," she heard herself say. He came and put his hands around her. "It'll still be nice." She started to tremble.

"Look," he said, "it's hardly my fault —"

"I'm so sorry . . ." the man's voice said. It was a nice voice, rumbling and gentle. She made herself turn toward it. He was straightening a lace cloth on a round table near the door. He looked rather helpless. Like her father when he tried to help. "I do apologise for dashing off like that. Do make yourselves at home — it's yours more than mine, you know."

"No, no," Robbie said. "It's just an unfortunate mix-up. I guess Denny just took it for granted nobody would be using it at this time of year."

He'd forgotten to whisper. Her lips formed a "Shh . . ." but no sound came.

The man seemed to have forgotten, too. ". . . Later in summer," he was saying, "though, James — that's Denny's father — sometimes comes up to see to things. Now I come to think of it —" he slowly raised his balding head and gazed upwards "— I remember thinking he must've been up recently, for everything to be so shipshape."

He shook his head. "I should have checked. But there, if you'll excuse me . . .?"

They stood like statues till he came back carrying a tray. Then Robbie moved. "Here, let me help you."

She knew that she should offer. But it was as if she were frozen, and would crack and fall apart if she moved.

"Quite all right, I can manage . . ." The tray clattered as the man put it down. He glanced round, still hunched forward. Barbara held her breath and tried to catch some sound: nothing. Were they lying in there, listening? Holding their breath, too?

"I hope you'll pardon me." The man had reverted to his whisper. "We've been under a strain, my wife and I, watching over the old lady — she's over eighty, you know, and we should never have brought her up here, though she was marvellously well till . . . There now —"

He'd been pouring tea, but abruptly straightened, teapot in mid-air. "I've forgotten to ask how you take your tea. With milk?"

His deep-set, rather wild-looking eyes met Barbara's. They weren't a bit like her father's. She stared back, afraid to trust her voice.

"Yes, we both take milk," Robbie said. "It's just that — my wife's tired out. It's been a big day —" she saw him glance her way "— we've been travelling since late this afternoon."

The man put the teapot down. Its lid rattled. "I've been giving the situation some thought. I think the best thing for us to do is to bed you down in the bunk-room —" he nodded at the far door and Barbara's eyes followed.

"No," she said, staring at it. But nobody seemed to hear, for the man's voice was saying, ". . . as soon as we can arrange for an ambulance in the morning."

"We wouldn't dream . . ." Robbie began.

"Unfortunately," the man went on, "there's no telephone up here, and we shall have to wait till the doctor comes."

She turned her eyes on Robbie. He started to speak, but the man held up a hand.

"Also, unfortunately, there are only two bedrooms. My mother is in one, my wife in the other." He stopped, hand still raised. It seemed to be a signal for them to listen. The silence on the other side of the doors was so intense that Barbara felt a scream fighting its way out. She clamped her teeth on it.

"She's not been well, my wife," the man bumbled on. "The strain of the last few days has been too much for her. I had to send her to bed, and give her some of the sedative the doctor left. But if it wouldn't disturb you too much to share the same room . . ."

Barbara assessed the distance to the outside door.

"Wouldn't dream of staying," Robbie said. "We can easily find a hotel or something at the nearest town."

Should she make a bolt for it? Or edge quietly? Either way she would have to take off her shoes: they were killing her.

"My dear boy." There was a smile in the man's voice.

To page 66

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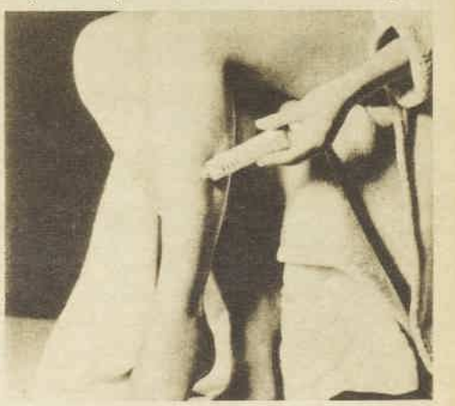

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A STATE OF CONFUSION

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65

Her lips tried to smile. They were frozen, too. ". . . nearest town is thirty miles away, and you'd be lucky to find a hotel open. Besides which, it's well after midnight—and if you don't mind my saying so your wife looks done in."

She turned her head, and found two pairs of eyes fixed on her. The cold shock of their unblinking gaze made her draw in her breath. "No," it burst out. "I want to go home."

Her wail seemed to reverberate round the room. She clapped a hand to her mouth.

They came toward her, blocking her escape. She backed away. Robbie had his hand on her arm. She tried to wrench it free.

"I'm so sorry," the man was burbling. "I should have realised . . ."

"It's my feet," she said, keeping her eyes on him. "My shoes hurt."

Robbie was talking but she listened only to the man.

"That's right," he was saying. "Get her to lie down on the sofa."

She put up a struggle. But when the man took her other arm she gave in and sat down. Robbie squatted and tugged off her shoes. "No," she said, trying to put them back on.

"Stop it!" he whispered fiercely. "And stop crying."

She hadn't known that she was. The tears seemed to flow of their own volition. She wiped them, but more came. The man appeared from somewhere with a blanket. When he said, "Lie down, now, and I'll cover you up," she did as she was told.

And there she lay, an arm flung over her eyes, quietly crying. Till, exhausted and ashamed, she cautiously lifted her arm and peeked around. The room was again lit only by the lamp on the table. Beside it, in the leather chair, sat the man, legs outstretched, head back, eyes closed.

She looked round for Robbie: he was sitting upright in the shadows by the fireplace, watching her. His eyes glinted as they held hers, but showed no recognition. He hates me, she thought. And hid her face again. She wanted to tell him she was sorry, but was afraid to break the silence.

Or near silence. A clock ticked somewhere, quick and busy; the house creaked occasionally, as though someone were creeping about; a night bird screeched twice — she waited — but not a third time; the man snuffled, muttered once, then was quiet.

Then a low whimper. Not, as Barbara thought at first, in the room, but beyond it. She held her breath, trying to determine whether it was human or animal. It stopped, then came again. She moved her arm and raised her head. Robbie was making his way down the room, stepping carefully from rug to rug.

She watched him hesitate at the door at the far end. It must have been ajar, for he inclined toward it, then slowly pushed it open. A pale glow outlined him against it as he stood in the doorway. The whimpering went on.

She threw back the blanket, groped for her shoes and handbag, and padded after him. Stopping short of the doorway, she whispered, "What is it?" He eyed her, shook his head, and went inside. The door started to close, but she slipped through and looked in.

An old woman lay there, askew against a mound of pillows, in a wide pink-blanketed bed. The air was close and heavy with a musty sweet smell. As Barbara stared at the shrunken face, the wrinkled eyelids flickered up over watery blue eyes that roamed and quivered and finally came to rest, oblique and bird-like, on her. Barbara groped toward the doorway.

BUT Robbie moved forward and went to the head of the bed. "You poor old thing," he said, and slid an arm in under the woman's shoulders. "You're all skewwhiff, aren't you. Ups-a-daisy . . . we'll get you right in no time."

Barbara wet her lips. "Should I — go and get the man?"

"No need . . ." He had her nearly upright. "Though she's heavier than she looks." He was panting a little. "There, that's better, isn't it?"

The red-rimmed eyes stayed fixed on Barbara. "Hilda?" The voice was thin and querulous.

Barbara could only shake her head.

"Hilda's coming soon," Robbie said. He moved down to where he could see her. "Better now?"

The eyes settled on him. "James?"

"No, I'm a friend of Denny's. You remember Denny?" He reached out, pulled down the sleeves of the white nightgown, and arranged the bony hands on the blanket.

For some reason a lump came to Barbara's throat.

"Denny," the old voice said.

"Yes," Robbie said. "Will you be all right now?"

"Take the flowers away. You know I don't like yellow flowers."

"All right," Robbie said. "I'll take them away. Anything else?"

"No . . ." The old woman's eyes closed.

Barbara darted a look around. "There aren't any flowers," she whispered.

He put a finger to his lips. "She's just wandering," he said.

She gazed down at the ivory face. "Isn't it terrible to grow old?" she said.

He laid his arm along her shoulders. "We'll take out an insurance policy against it."

She turned and looked at him. Her lips smiled of their own accord. "Can we go now?"

"Go where?"

"Away — out of here — anywhere."

He smiled back. It was the same old smile. "You want to?"

She nodded and, leading him by the hand, tiptoed across to the outside door. There she put on her shoes and looked back at the man, still sunk in sleep. "Shouldn't we . . .?" Robbie said.

"No." She opened the door, then hesitated before the dark porch.

"It's all right," he said. "I'm here."

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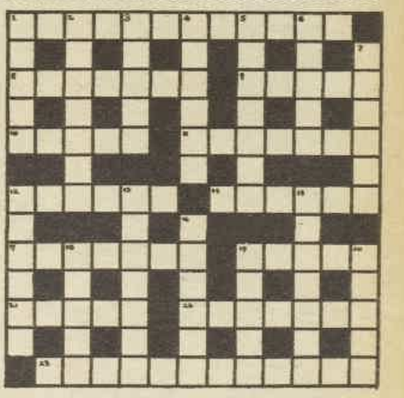

ACROSS

1. His bristle is making these masses of land surrounded by water (7, 5).
8. Cat and mule in a peace-pipe (7).
9. Mount slowly (5).
10. Bodies of people who unite in holding some particular views (5).
11. Inactivity (7).
12. Decayed (6).
14. Fit to be eaten (6).
17. Withholds (7).
19. A pigeon, an ancient Hebrew measure of capacity, or a Greek poet (5).
21. Cater (anagr., 5).
22. Take out by force (7).
23. Leading principle of a man kind to mankind (12).

DOWN

1. Dashing fellows full of Yankee dollars (5).
2. Unlawful with an evil start (7).
3. Metrical feet, each with one short and one long syllable (5).
4. Boastful talking (3, 3).
5. Follow in order (7).
6. The novelist Marian Evans was known by this name (5).
7. Scrape off by violent rubbing (6).
12. Added clauses on horseback (6).
13. Pertaining to order proclaimed by authority (7).
15. Small fish of South Asiatic coasts used for Bombay duck (7).
16. Behind as a long-winged aquatic fowl (6).
18. Anything worthless, though mostly arts (5).
19. Move jerkily with an itch (5).
20. Test again (5).

Solution will be published next week.

H	A	R	K	T	H	E	L	A	R	K				
S		P		N		Y		U		A		A		
I	M	P	L	O	R	E		C	I	T	E	S		
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